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# ● ● ● ● PILLS

(Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by E. BUTTERICK &amp; CO.)

**Fashionable Styles of Garments.****FIGURE No. 1.—CHILD'S COSTUME.**

**FIGURE No. 1.**—This consists of costume No. 7697. The model is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. For a child of 5 years, it will require  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

**FIGURE No. 2.—CHILD'S SAILOR COSTUME.**

**FIGURE No. 2.**—This consists of costume No. 7701. It is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. For a child of 5 years, it requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide, with  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of Silesia. Price, 20 cents.

**7690***Front View.***7690***Back View.***7687***Front View.***7687***Back View.***GIRLS' CLOAK, WITH CAPE.**

No. 7690.—This pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. For a girl of 7 years, it requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

**GIRLS' COSTUME.**

No. 7687.—This pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. For a girl of 6 years, it requires 5 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide. Price, 20 cents.



7729

*Front View.*

7729

*Back View.***BOYS' KNICKERBOCKER PANTS.**

No. 7729.—This pattern is in 8 sizes from 3 to 10 years and requires  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 27 inches wide for a boy of 8 years. Price, 10 cents.



7743

**BOYS' SINGLE-BREADED VEST, WITHOUT A COLLAR.**

No. 7743.—This model is in 8 sizes from 3 to 10 years. For a boy of 7 years, it needs  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 27 inches wide. Price, 10 cents.



7734

*Front View.*

7734

*Back View.***BOYS' SHORT PANTS.**

No. 7734.—This model is in 8 sizes from 3 to 10 years. For a boy of 8 years,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 27 inches wide are needed. Price, 10 cents.



7728

**BOYS' LONG VEST.**

No. 7728.—This model is in 8 sizes from 3 to 10 years. For a boy of 6 years,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 27 inches wide is needed. Price, 10 cents.



7708

**LADIES' TRAINED COSTUME.**

No. 7708.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the costume for a lady of medium size, will require 20 yards of plain goods and  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of contrasting, each 22 inches wide. If material 48 inches wide be selected, then  $9\frac{1}{4}$  yards of plain and 2 yards of contrasting will be needed. Price of pattern, 50 cents.



7717

*Front View.*

7742

*Front View.***BOYS' SHORT PANTS.**

No. 7742.—This model is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years old. For a boy of 6 years, the pants will need  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of goods 27 inches wide. Price, 10 cents.



7742

*Back View.*

7717

*Back View.***MISSSES' POLONAISE COSTUME.**

No. 7717.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years old. To make the costume for a miss of 12 years, will require  $7\frac{1}{2}$  yards 22 inches wide, or 4 yards 48 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.



**7730***Front View.***7730***Back View.***BOYS' CUTAWAY SACK.**

No. 7730.—This model is in 8 sizes from 3 to 10 years of age. For a boy of 8 years, it requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of goods 27 inches wide. Price, 15 cts.

**7733***Front View.***7733***Back View.***BOYS' JACKET.**

No. 7733.—For a boy of 6 years,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of goods 27 inches wide will be needed. The model is in 8 sizes from 3 to 10 years of age. Price, 15 cts.

**7716****LADIES' COSTUME.**

No. 7716.—To make this costume for a lady of medium size,  $10\frac{1}{2}$  yards of plain goods and  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of brocade 22 inches wide, or  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards of plain and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of brocade 48 inches wide will be needed. The pattern to the costume is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Price of any size, 30 cents.

**7741***Front View.***7741***Back View.***BOYS' SACK COAT.**

No. 7741.—For a boy of 11 years, this will require  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 27 inches wide. It is in 9 sizes for boys from 7 to 15 years of age. Price, 20 cents.

**7731***Front View.***7731***Back View.***BOYS' BLOUSE.**

No. 7731.—This model is in 8 sizes from 3 to 10 years. For a boy of 4 years, it will require 2 yards 27 inches wide. Price, 15 cents.

**7684***Front View.***7740***Front View.***7740***Back View.***BOYS' SINGLE-BREASTED VEST, WITH NOTCHED COLLAR.**

No. 7740.—

For a boy of 12 years, this model needs  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of material 27 inches wide and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of Silesia 36 inches wide for back-lining. It is in 9 sizes for boys from 7 to 15 years old. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

**MISS'S ULSTER.**

No. 7684.—This model is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 13 years, it requires  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.

**7684***Back View.*

FIGURE No. 3.  
—LADIES'  
COSTUME.

FIGURE No. 3.—Consisting of costume No. 7723.—Costumes for early Fall wear show quite a number of novelties in both construction and combination. Among the most noticeable is the costume here illustrated, which consists of a basque, shoulder-cape and trimmed skirt, and is composed of plain and striped suiting.

The basque is fitted by two bust darts at each side of the front, and by under-arm gores, side-backs and center-backs, and is formed of the striped goods. The fronts form two deep points below the closing, while the center-backs fall in two long tabs that are plaited at the ends, which are then crossed and tacked at opposite sides, so as to form two loops. The latter are lined with light suiting, and the sleeves are made of the same, but have deep cuff-facings of the striped goods, with a decoration of buttons at the back of each.

The cape is neatly fitted over the shoulder by The hat is of straw, trimmed with tips and pompons.



FIGURE No. 3.—LADIES' COSTUME.

darts, and has a lapel collar of the light goods. Below the ends of the collar the edges of the cape are plaited over the bust in a very graceful manner, and the closing is performed with a hook and loop at the plait under a bow of ribbon.

The skirt is of the usual four-gored shape, and its front and side gores are narrowly trimmed at the bottom with a falling plaiting of the plain goods below a narrower standing one, with a box-plaited ruching between them. The back-breadth is covered nearly to the top with three, deep, gathered flounces of the light goods, each cut straight and hemmed by hand. The upper one is also turned under so as to form its own heading, although its top is concealed. There is a front-drapery, cut a little longer at one side than at the other, but so draped that it appears quite short at the left side and much longer at the right. The model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure.

Price, 30 cents.

FIGURE NO. 4.—  
LADIES' PRINCESS COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 4.—This consists of costume No. 7722. Watered silk was employed for the charming costume illustrated in the engraving, but less expensive goods will be found to develop quite as satisfactorily by the same model. The front is in Princess style from throat to hem, and is fitted at each side by two bust darts and an under-arm dart. It closes with buttons and button-holes to the top of the drapery, which is added by a cross seam; and below this closing the edges are united in a seam. The back edges of the fronts join a back-breadth, which extends up under the basque back. The latter is fitted in the usual manner by center and side-back portions; the center portions being in basque style, with an extra fullness allowed upon the center seam, which is folded under in a double box-plait. The side-backs are cut in one piece with their skirt portion, passing under the backs and forming the back-drapery, the latter being looped and caught up to produce soft, pretty folds and wrinkles. The front-drapery is cut in deep points and is shirred as represented at the top of each slash between the points, the shirring being fastened to the fronts so as to hold it and the points in proper position. The bottom



FIGURE NO. 4.—LADIES' PRINCESS COSTUME.

of the costume is trimmed with a narrow flounce of the goods laid in wide side-plaits and sewed to the edge in an ordinary seam, the dress being cut short enough for that purpose. There is nothing but a hem or an under-facing to finish the edges of the back-drapery, although it may be bordered with lace or fringe if desired. The sleeves have simulated cuffs, cut in points and shirred at the wrists to harmonize with the points of the front-drapery; and a deep shawl collar is about the neck and over the bust. The front may be cut out in Pompadour shape, or it may be laced together in Jersey style if desired. The skirt decorations may be varied according to individual preference. A full ruching of the material with contrasting lining or hemmed or pinked edges for its finish makes an exceedingly stylish and generally becoming mode of completion. A handsome promenade toilette made after this model is developed in rich *satin de Lyon*, with decorations of the same and fine *passmen-terie* ornaments.

The model to the costume is suitable for any fabrics made up into such garments. It is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents.

The hat is of fine black chip in

poke style, and is trimmed with ribbon and plumes.



7700

## LADIES' MANTELET

No. 7700.—This model is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make it for a lady of medium size, will require  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards either 22 or 48 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.



7715

## LADIES' ULSTER.

No. 7715.—This pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the Ulster for a lady of medium size, needs  $6\frac{1}{2}$  yards 27 inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 54 inches wide. Price, 30 cents.



7699

## LADIES' WRAP.

No. 7699.—This pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the wrap for a lady of medium size, needs  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards either 22 or 48 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.



7711

Front View.



7736

Front View.



7736

Back View.

## BOYS' DOUBLE-BREASTED, BLOUSE JACKET.

No. 7736.—This model is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age. A boy of 6 years will require  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 27 inches wide. Price, 15 cents.

## LADIES' DOUBLE-BREASTED COAT.

No. 7711.—This model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. The coat, for a lady of medium size, will require  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.



7711

Back View.



**7709****LADIES' COAT, WITH ADJUST-  
ABLE COLLAR.**

No. 7709.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 48 inches wide, with  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of satin 20 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.

**7718****LADIES' COSTUME.**

No. 7718.—This model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make it for a lady of medium size,  $11\frac{1}{4}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $6\frac{1}{4}$  yards 48 inches wide, will suffice. Price 30 cents.

**7719****LADIES' COAT.**

No. 7719.—This model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make it for a lady of medium size, requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

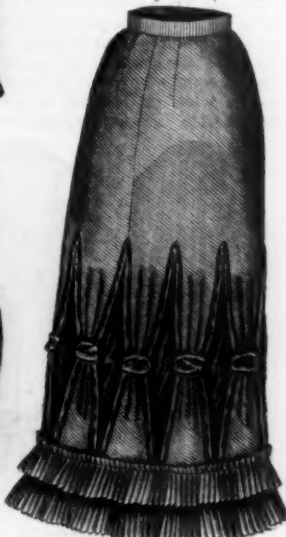
**7714****LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.**

No. 7714.—This model is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make it for a lady of medium size, needs  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 inches wide, each with  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of Silesia 36 inches wide for gores and breadth. Price, 30 cents.

**7739***Front View.***BOYS' SUS-  
PENDER  
PANTS.**

No. 7739.—This model is in 9 sizes for boys from 7 to 15 years. For a boy of 11 years, it needs 2 yards 27 inches wide.

Price, 15 cts.

**7739***Back View.***7706****LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.**

No. 7706.—This model is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the skirt, for a lady of medium size, will require  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 48 inches wide, each with  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 36 inches wide for the under-gores. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



FIGURE No. 5.—CHILD'S "MOTHER HUBBARD" COSTUME.

FIGURE No. 5.—This consists of costume No. 7679. The pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. To make the costume for a child of 4 years, requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of goods 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



**7704**  
GIRLS' CLOAK,  
WITH SHIRRED  
CAPE.

No. 7704.—This pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. For a girl of 6 years, it requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



FIGURE No. 6.—CHILD'S COSTUME.

FIGURE No. 6.—This consists of costume model No. 7683. It is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. For a child of 4 years, it requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 inches wide. Price, 20 cents.



**7705**  
Front View.



**7705**  
Back View.

GIRLS' COSTUME

No. 7705.—This pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. For a girl of 5 years, the costume requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price, 20 cents.



**7738**  
BOYS' SACK  
OVERCOAT.

No. 7738.—For a boy of 11 years, this overcoat requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of any suitable goods 27 inches wide. The model is in 9 sizes for boys from 7 to 15 years of age, and is adapted to all kinds of coatings. Price, 25 cents.



**7703**  
Front View.



**7703**  
Back View.

GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 7703.—This model is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. For a girl of 8 years, it requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

**NOTICE:**—We are Agents for the Sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S PATTERNS, and will send any kind or size of them to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price and order.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 227 South Sixth St., Philadelphia, Pa.





"THE TURN OF THE TIDE."—Page 611.



# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIX.

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OCTOBER.



SUNS, and skies, and clouds of June,  
And flowers of June together,  
Ye cannot rival for one hour  
October's bright blue weather;

When lo! the humblebee makes haste,  
Related, thriftless, vagrant,  
And golden-red is dying fast,  
And leaves with grapes are fragrant;

When gentians roll their fringes tight,  
To save them for the morning,  
And chestnuts fall from satin burs  
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie  
In piles, like jewels shining,  
And redder still on old stone walls  
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely way-side things  
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,  
And in the fields, all green and fair,  
Late after-maths are growing;



"THE TURN OF THE TIDE."—Page 611.

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## OCTOBER.



SUNS, and skies, and clouds of June,  
And flowers of June together,  
Ye cannot rival for one hour  
October's bright blue weather;

When loud the humblebee makes haste,  
Belated, thriftless, vagrant,  
And golden-rod is dying fast,  
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

When gentians roll their fringes tight,  
To save them for the morning,  
And chestnuts fall from satin burs  
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie  
In piles, like jewels shining,  
And redder still on old stone walls  
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely way-side things  
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,  
And in the fields, all green and fair,  
Late after-maths are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brooks,  
In idle golden freighting,  
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush  
Of woods, for winter waiting;

When comrades seek sweet country haunts,  
By twos and twos together,  
And count like misers, hour by hour,  
October's bright blue weather.

O suns, and skies, and flowers of June,  
Count all your boasts together,  
Love loveth best of all the year  
October's bright blue weather. "H. H."

### LITERARY LIFE.

IN one way, a literary life is the most independent any one could lead; and that is, one need not be tied down to the clock. One, when actually at work, may work very hard; but he or she can generally choose the time in which to perform that labor. Manifold are the advantages of this kind of employment, especially to a woman. She can arrange her hours so that she need not always miss the pleasant picnic, or postpone the intended visit on account of a business engagement; she can embroider a cushion, study a language or keep up her musical practice, very much according to her own inclinations; she can perform a kind office for a friend, minister to the wants of those dear to her, or exercise her instincts of charity as a constant habit. In short, she has abundant room in which to live and grow; her time, her soul, her daylight, are her very own.

Right here, intelligent persons might ask the question, Whence came the popular error that a literary woman cannot be truly domestic? Certainly not from facts, as related by those who know them. Why, no woman would dare spend in what are called literary employments one tithe of the time that most women actually do spend in matters not strictly of a household character—reading, sewing, visiting, and the like. If she did, she would do it at her peril, for, sooner or later, her brain would give out; she could not stand so exhaustive a strain, and yet live and prosper. Those who know the best specimens of lady writers, know that the great bulk of their time is occupied very much as that of other educated women.

But this freedom has also its disadvantages. Especially is it a great temptation to carelessness. Wearied over an unusual effort, one is apt to put off the next essay until the last minute, or come up to the required time, as it were, by the skin of one's teeth. Under such circumstances, happy she who has no sudden spell of sickness or unexpected call of duty to prevent her accomplishing

what she is in honor bound to do. Then, too, because she really can have several irons in the fire, she is likely to put in too many. She may actually have the requisite number of hours to give to dress, calls, novels, music, painting, embroidery, washing, ironing, gardening, lyceum, party, church, Sunday-school, and what not—but unless she is very careful, and is content to be interested in some of these things at one time, some at another, she soon finds that the promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," must be taken in a spiritual sense. And then, her friends expect too much of her. It is continually, "O Miss Smith will go with us—she's always ready." Or, "Mrs. Jones will finish up our Dorcas work—she's got nothing to do."

But perhaps all this is just as it should be. Unless a woman has a wide and varied experience—unless she takes a deep interest in life in all its phases—she has nothing about which to write. Were she tied down to her desk and book-case, what could she give the world which it has not already? What we want is new thought, fresh as the new day in which we are now living—the young buds of this season, not the fallen fruit of last. Besides, it acts as a balance-wheel to keep her out of mischief. Successful literary women are not generally those who make themselves a reproach to womankind by their narrowness and uncharitableness; who busy themselves with their neighbors' concerns and make enemies; or who affect eccentricities and rant over new-fangled *isms*. Their knowledge of the great world, near and far, teaches them how to develop a well-rounded, womanly character—that is, to attain, in a degree, to the wisdom of the philosopher, and, withal, preserve the simplicity of the child. In short, to be "wise as serpents, harmless as doves."

Now for the other side of the medal.

Who knows the intense anxiety, the sleepless nights, the racking headache, the despairing discouragement, over the promised article for which the tortured brain positively refuses to yield a single thought? The utter impossibility of finding the needed references, or the way to the works containing the desired material? The thousand little errors in spelling, grammar, rhetoric and fact, which one constantly makes—or the printer makes for her—in spite of the best knowledge and most diligent care? The trying disappointment when the poem or story is not up to the standard which the writer, her own severest critic always, has set for herself? The chagrin, when some editor, thinking to improve on her production, cuts it down or adds to it, completely altering the drift of her argument? The deep mortification, when the essay over which she has wasted her precious time, and thought, and heart, and hope, is returned to her hands as unavailable?

These are real trials—but they are by no means



the greatest. Fortunate she who has a certain income, sufficient for her daily wants, whether she exert herself unduly or not. Then she is not compelled to spin on, on, at times when she is well aware of her own inefficiency, merely for bread and butter, thereby being forced to send out productions which she would feel almost ashamed to own. Under these circumstances, the "good time" in which she can do herself justice, even hope to write something worthy to live, does not come so often as she could wish. But what may be added regarding the difficulty of obtaining money already earned? Say you have written a fine article, for which you are promised a good price. The rule, however, of the periodical in which it is to appear, is, payment on publication. How long may this be delayed? Perhaps many months. Meanwhile, your shoes give out, and you see no immediate way of replacing them. Little debts accumulate, which it seems simply robbery to neglect to pay. Perhaps, even, your board bill lags behind, or you suddenly find the services of the dentist necessary. Your only hope is in another direction—that of the story published a month ago. But here is concerned a wealthy firm, who couldn't possibly suppose that such a trifle as five dollars would be of much importance to you, one way or another—and so you are neglected, until the whole matter passes well-nigh out of recollection. You are compelled, at last, to go and ask for it, perhaps several times, as though begging a great favor, feeling that this part of the business is ten times harder than earning the amount in the first place. In the meantime, people wonder why you don't pay your debts; how you can have the face to live such an easy life, and cheat your neighbors in order to do it; if you can't make enough by your pen, why you don't go to work, like other honest folks. Suddenly comes a windfall. All your long-expected checks drop into your lap in an hour—you can pay everybody and make yourself comfortable at last. But now there's another tale. Everybody's astonished by your wealth. If you can make so much doing nothing, why don't you help your relations more, and do something in the way of charity? Why don't you dress better, and put out your sewing and ironing? you oughtn't to be so mean to a poor, deserving dressmaker and laundress. And so forth, *ad infinitum*.

Any woman fond of general reading will discover to her regret, soon after embracing a literary career, that she cannot very easily keep up with the literature of the day. While she is expected to know all about it, she perhaps knows the least of all her circle. There is a story going the rounds, about a London author, who, when asked if he had read a certain novel, replied, "Ah—no! I don't read books, I write them." This is quoted as an example of literary snobbishness.

But to some of us it seems the most natural thing in the world—especially if one has written many reviews or done much of what is called hackwork. Under these circumstances, one turns sick at the sight of a volume, and feels willing to endure any punishment, rather than be compelled to wade through it. Unless it is a work of decided merit, she is conscious, also, of a sense of guilt in spending the time required to read it, in a merely passive manner—she feels that she, if not busy with her pen, had far better be employed in some active pursuit of more use to her in the end; such as learning a new piece of music, or translating a chapter in a foreign language, or working out a botanical analysis, or else, resting her brain entirely. Sooner or later, those who write very much for other people to read, are most likely to get out of the way of reading a great deal for themselves. But this is far from being an unmixed evil. Our own thoughts are always best for us. Moreover, we write more vigorously when we are not afraid of some authority or precedent, which we often would be if we knew more—it is enough to be sure of our facts. Besides, not one book in twenty is worth a complete perusal—so, by being unable to give an opinion upon the favorite story of the hour, a lady may have gained instead of lost.

As to fame, any woman who undertakes to write with any thought of such a thing, will most likely be disappointed. Fame to her personally makes not a pin's difference—she'll never find out when she's got it, that is, if she should get it at all, living or dead. No matter how widely may be spread her reputation in the outside world, she knows next to nothing of it herself. She is personally intimate with nearly the same friends all the way along, and expects little else. Writing an article is but an incident, and, once off her hands, she scarce thinks of it again, and never asks whether it will be read by ten or ten thousand. It usually gives her a sense of surprise when occasionally she realizes that her name is spoken in many states and many houses. So far from literary employment's giving publicity to the life of a woman engaged in it, it gives her far more of retirement than almost any other working-woman—physician, artist, teacher, saleswoman, seamstress—ever knows. If she should so desire, she need never leave her room nor meet a human creature for years at a time. Her name, perhaps, appears in print, but to ninety-nine out of a hundred who see it, it amounts to little more than so much printer's ink. Who she is, how she looks, what she does, are as unknown to them as is the ancient Egyptian language to most of us.

Right here, some may ask, If not for fame, with what motive should one enter upon a literary career? Certainly, not for money? Well, in an accommodated sense, yes. The necessity of earn-

ing a livelihood is a strong incentive for the best kind of work—many capable of writing well, would not exert themselves half as much as would be good for them, if they were never obliged to do so, and waited until they felt like it. But she who writes for money alone will also, probably, be disappointed. If that is all she wants, there are easier and surer ways of getting it. The poor servant-girl always has her two dollars in her pocket at the end of the week, which the literary woman very frequently hasn't. Still, in the long run, whatever we intend shall support us, we can generally make do it.

"For social recognition?" Perhaps. But unless she be a woman of remarkable genius, or of exceptional family or fortune already, she will achieve no more than can be commanded by any lady of æsthetic tastes and thorough education, in this blessed country of ours. She could gain this end just as surely by going to college or studying, as a specialist, some branch of art or science.

"For the good I can do?" Well, a literary woman may derive a great deal of satisfaction from this source. She can teach, counsel, warn, console; she can lift her voice against ignorance, narrowness, wickedness; she can speak strongly in favor of wisdom, loveliness, truth, beauty. But, on the other hand, when she thinks of her own imperfections, she is not sure that she ought to have so great a responsibility—she may inadvertently, by mistaken advice, do a wrong which, perhaps, all eternity can never undo. Moreover, there are other, and perhaps, more effective ways of doing good than by the pen. Opportunities are everywhere—in the school, in the church, among the poor, in society generally, and finally, in every true woman's dearest kingdom, her home.

The principal motive, so far as those who have had some experience can judge, for any one's undertaking a literary life, should be, like the call of the apostle, "Woe is me if I do not." Only some such feeling, little less than a consecration, can enable any woman to endure the countless discouragements which must come to her before she can fairly be said to have entered upon her career at all. Something else may sustain her in receiving back the ninety-ninth rejected article, and sending away the hundredth effort; but nothing else will when she reaches the nine-hundred-and-ninetieth failure, and heroically resolves to risk her fate in the remaining ten chances of the thousand. All the doctors and preachers in the land were not made by so severe a discipline as this. Nor would very many of them, after the completion of their training, consent to work a great while thereafter without pay. But our aspiring authoresses must, or she will lose, not only all the triumphs of the future, but all the labors of the past. After her graduation into print, she must be content with just that for her pains, and,

working hard, day and night, perhaps beg the pennies for paper and postage-stamps from her father and brothers. The idea of fame, money, comfort or any material good, as the result of her effort, seems at this stage a thought too wildly improbable for realization. Still, she writes on, simply because it is her nature to—she cannot help it. But after that—perhaps long, long after—slowly and imperceptibly come the rewards.

"Rewards." Ah, literature, like virtue, knowledge and everything good and beautiful, "hath its own." But, like all other earthly pursuits, it ought not to be overrated—so far from satisfying, it has within it the elements of weariness overwhelming. It is not worth sacrificing ordinary human happiness for. Here, as everywhere, we can only do our best, remembering that the worker is always greater than the work, and leaving the result in the hands of an overruling Providence.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

### HEART-CRIES.

O RESTLESS heart! that craves and yearns  
With blind, unreasoning desire,  
No gift of joy or pain, but turns  
To fuel which shall feed thy fire.

O eager heart! that seest afar  
Rich freights of blessing pass thee by;  
But shrinkest from the things that are  
With unavailing, wordless cry!

O asking heart! that dares to seek  
Some crumb of comfort for thine own,  
Baffled and weary, worn and weak,  
There comes no answer to thy moan.

O raging heart! that storms and frets  
Within thy narrow bounds in vain,  
Not all thy passion of regrets  
Can raise thy dead to life again.

O aching heart! that hast no hope  
Of comfort through the long, slow years,  
But still in dumb unrest to grope,  
And feed thy hunger with thy tears.

O weary heart! thy burden bear,  
Whose secret lips may not repeat;  
Sorrow itself cannot declare  
That thou shalt never cease to beat.

MARJORIE MOORE.

AN IMPORTANT LESSON.—Though years bring with them wisdom, yet there is one lesson the aged seldom learn—namely, the management of youthful feelings. Age is all head, youth all heart; age reasons, youth is under the dominion of hope.

## AUTUMN.

THE light fades darkly in the western sky,  
And overhead  
The clouds, that wore a ruddy tinge of red,  
Are passing by  
Into a violet bed.

The leaves begin to fall upon the grass,  
And, almost bare,  
The poplar waves her long arms in the air,  
And, as they pass,  
The starlings gather there.

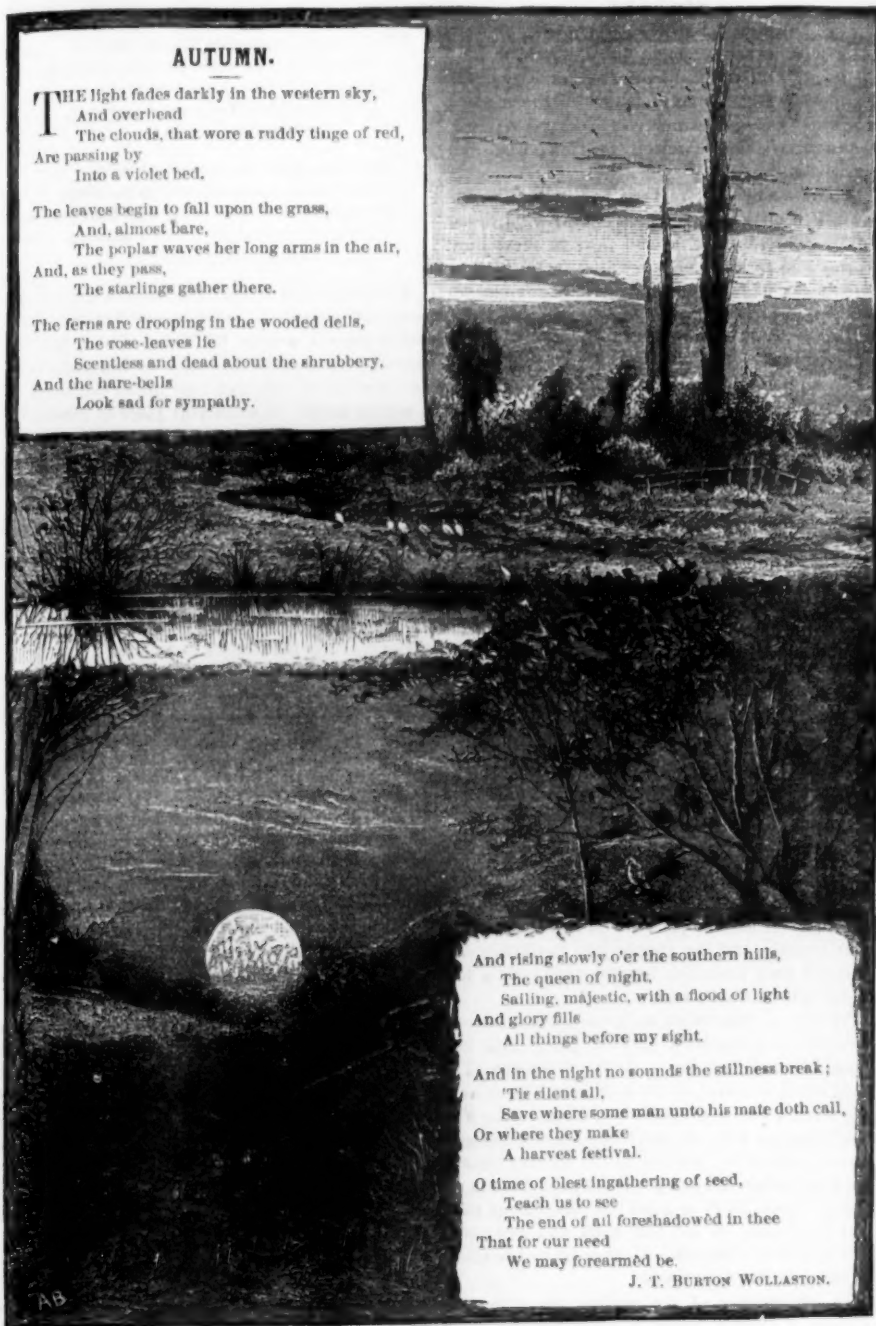
The ferns are drooping in the wooded dells,  
The rose-leaves lie  
Scentless and dead about the shrubbery,  
And the hare-bells  
Look sad for sympathy.

And rising slowly o'er the southern hills,  
The queen of night,  
Sailing, majestic, with a flood of light  
And glory fills  
All things before my sight.

And in the night no sounds the stillness break;  
'Tis silent all,  
Save where some man unto his mate doth call,  
Or where they make  
A harvest festival.

O time of blest ingathering of seed,  
Teach us to see  
The end of all foreshadowed in thee  
That for our need  
We may be forearmed be.

J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.



## THE FUNERAL OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

**I**N a suburban cemetery of Denmark's busy capital, on the Baltic, there lies buried the most poetic writer of fairy-lore the modern world has known. A never-to-be-forgotten day—Copenhagen's last farewell to Hans Christian Andersen.

A few months before, they had celebrated his seventieth birthday. In honor of that event, deputations arrived from far and near to greet him. Money was raised to erect a statue in the city; a copy of one of his books in thirty-two languages was presented to him; a plate inscribing his name and date was placed in the little house in Odense, where he was born; the king conferred yet another honor on the subject whom he delighted in calling his friend; and last, but not least, money was collected to found a home for poor children, bearing his name.

To-day we see a hushed and tearful throng; the shops are closed, many of the houses, and all the ships in the port have flags flying at half mast, and the *Vor Frus Kirke*, the Church of Our Lady, is crowded to excess.

"This church is not beautiful; but lit with gas, crowded with black-robed people, the aisles filled with deputations from various parts of Denmark, holding crape-bordered banners, and standing in long, solemn array; the children he loved so well grouped in a mass, strewing flowers all around; the large coffin standing in their midst, covered with brilliant flowers, laurels, palm-branches and wreaths; the imposing figure of the Christ-God, by Thorwaldsen, breathing in the calm serenity of His outstretched arms the peace He came on earth to proclaim, standing in pure, divine repose in the centre of the chancel, His twelve apostles near—all combine to make this edifice imposing."

The great organ opens the service with tremulous prelude, and the people join in singing Andersen's own beautiful hymn—"Like as a leaf which falleth from a tree."

Words of impressive eloquence, Dean Rothe's farewell to Denmark's greatest poet. All had loved him; all had met to do him reverence. The king stood in royal robes, with bared head, near the coffin; but a greater than king was he who could inspire love unlimited by sea or continent. Every syllable is precious to the waiting throng, for it is Andersen's last poem the good dean is reciting. Could there be more touching eulogy than this recognition of his last work and aspiration this side of the beautiful Heaven he had so often, in imagination, described?

In continuance of the service, the venerable Bishop of Odense brings words of farewell from Andersen's birthplace. Again there is singing—words by a brother poet, written expressly for this

occasion—"Sleep, weary child!" of which two of the stanzas are:

"God's wondrous mercies through thy life,  
Dark childhood's weakness first protected,  
Always a child though years were ripe,  
Bright honor's call was ne'er neglected.  
Sleep, weary child!

"The dread, great secret learnt at last,  
Now dawns a new and endless morning,  
Through God's own gates thy soul hath passed,  
Thy guileless soul required no warning.  
Sleep, weary child!"

Andersen's old friend, Hartman, a great composer and comrade in years, is seated at the organ, and a cantata, written for Thorwaldsen, fills the vast church with melody such as can come from no other instrument, and only under the touch of a master hand. A wonderful piece of music, exquisite in conception.

"In the trumpet accompaniment, one seems to hear the trump of the angel at the gate of Heaven, the gate itself opening; and presently soft, flute-like notes of exquisite pathos, yet blended with joyous strains of delight, announce the angels' welcome home to the wanderer from earth. And as the gate closes and the angel voices die away, a grand, thrilling outburst, expressive of triumphant victory, brings the cantata to a close."

There are wreaths upon the coffin, a palm-branch and wreath in the centre from Odense. A laurel wreath from Berlin, bearing the touching inscription: "Thou art not dead, though thine eyes are closed. In children's hearts thou shalt live forever." Friend after friend, ere they leave the church, pause at the chancel, and wreath, crown, rose and immortelle almost hide the casket from view. He loved flowers as he loved little children, and some of his quaintest, most beautiful fancies were wrought and enriched in floral romance. No more fitting emblems of affection could be offered him in final farewell.

One of the most touching incidents of the day was the eagerness manifested by numbers of poor people to possess a leaf or flower which had fallen from the coffin.

A poor peasant woman, turning timidly toward the altar, searched in vain for one poor twig or flower, then murmured sadly to herself: "Too late; they're all gone," as the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Do you want a flower, my good mother?" said a by-stander, moved to pity by the woman's evident distress.

"Ah, yes, good sir! My boy at home will break his heart if I don't take him just a leaf. You see, sir, that dear departed angel often came to see him when he was ill two winters ago, and told him stories; and the doctors say those beautiful stories saved his life; and he's my only one, sir,



and he just worshiped dear Andersen, and he does miss him so terribly, and cries so now the old gentleman is dead, that I promised to bring him a flower, as I heard his coffin was to have some on it. He's lame, and can't come himself."

"Take this one. I picked it up from the spot as it fell."

"Ah, you are good, sir!" and the woman tenderly kissed the little sprig, as, reverently and gratefully laying it in her bosom, she turned away.

In all this multitude of mourners there was none who could claim kindred with Andersen; yet there is no sleeper in death under the shadow of that busy, populous, Danish city, whose memory is so cherished, whose life-work shall so long remain unforgotten as the good and gifted poet of fairy-lore, Hans Christian Andersen.

MRS. C. I. BAKER.

### SUNLIGHT AT HOME.

THE value of sunlight as a means of securing health should be always borne in mind. Dr. B. W. Richardson, referring to this subject, says:

Whether your home be large or small, give it light. There is no house so likely to be unhealthy as a dark and gloomy house. In a dark and gloomy house you can never see the dirt that pollutes it. Dirt accumulates on dirt, and the mind soon learns to apologize for this condition because the gloom conceals it. "It is no credit to be clean in this hole of a place," is soon the sort of idea that the housewife gets into her mind. "The place is always dingy, do what you may," is another similar and common idea; and so in a dark house unwholesome things get stowed away and forgotten, and the air becomes impure, and when the air becomes impure the digestive organs become imperfect in action, and soon there is some shade of bad health engendered in those persons who live in that dark house. Flowers will not healthily bloom in a dark house, and flowers are, as a rule, good indices. We put the flowers in our windows that they may see the light. Are not our children worth many flowers? They are the choicest of flowers. Then, again, light is necessary in order that the animal spirits may be kept refreshed and invigorated. No one is truly happy who in waking hours is in a gloomy house or room. The gloom of the prison has ever been considered as a part of the punishment of the prison, and it is so. The mind is saddened in a home that is not flushed with light, and when the mind is saddened the whole physical powers soon suffer. The heart beats languidly, the blood flows slowly, the breathing is imperfect, the oxidation of the blood is reduced and the conditions are laid

for the development of many wearisome and unnecessary constitutional failures and sufferings.

Once again, light—sunlight I mean—is of itself useful to health in a direct manner. Sunlight favors nutrition; sunlight favors nervous function; sunlight sustains, chemically or physically, the healthy state of the blood. Children and older persons living in darkened places become blanched or pale; they have none of the ruddy, healthy bloom of those who live in light. We send a child that has lived in a dark court in a city for a few days only in the sunlight, and how marked is the change! We hardly know the face again.

Let us keep, then, this word in our minds: light—light—light—sunlight, which feeds us with its influence, and leaves no poisonous vapors in its train.

Before I leave this subject, I want to say a word about light in relation to the sick. A few hundred years ago it became a fashion, for reasons it is very hard to divine, to place sick people in dark and closely-curtained bed-rooms. The practice to some extent is continued to this day. When a person goes to bed with sickness, it is often the first thing to pull down the blinds of the windows, to set up dark blinds—or, if there be Venetian blinds, to close them. On body and spirit alike this practice is simply pernicious. It may be well, if light is painful to the eyes of the sufferer, to shield the eyes from the light, or even shut the light off them altogether; but for the sake of this to shut it out of all the room, to cut off wholesale its precious influence, to make the sick-room a dark cell in which all kinds of impurities may be concealed day after day, is an offense to nature which she ever rebukes in the sternest manner.

This remark presses with special force in cases where epidemic and contagious diseases are the affections from which the sufferers are suffering, for these affections, as they live on uncleanness, require for their suppression the broadest light of day. Moreover, I once found by experiment that certain organic poisons, analogous to the poisons which propagate these diseases, are rendered innocuous by exposure to light. Thus, in every point of view, light stands forward as the agent of health. In sickness and in health, in infancy, youth, middle age, old age, in all seasons, for the benefit of the mind and for the welfare of the body, sunlight is a bearer and sustainer of health.

BEAR patiently with the invalids. Their lives are sad enough through their sorrow and incompleteness. Smooth gently their fevered pillows and whisper some word of comfort to their tired hearts. It cannot always last. By and by there will come a change. The querulous tones and pale faces will give place to cheerful words and the rose-hue of health; or possibly the grave will have hidden them from your sight forever.



## THE WELCOME.

COME in the evening, or come in the morning;  
Come when you're looked for, or come without  
warning;  
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,  
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore  
you!  
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;  
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;  
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,  
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't  
sever."

I'll pull you sweet flowers to wear if you choose  
them!  
Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my  
bosom;  
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire  
you;  
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.  
Oh, your step's like the rain to the summer-vexed  
farmer,  
Or saber and shield to a knight without armor:  
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,  
Then, wandering, I'll wish you in silence to love  
me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the  
eyrie;  
We'll tread round the rath on the track of the  
fairy;  
We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,  
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can  
give her.  
Oh, she'll whisper you: "Love, as unchangeably  
beaming,  
And trust, when in secret, most tunefully stream-  
ing;  
Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,  
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

So come in the evening, or come in the morning;  
Come when you're looked for, or come without  
warning;  
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,  
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore  
you!  
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;  
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;  
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,  
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't  
sever."

## A PASSAGE FROM THE LIFE OF A COMMONPLACE PERSON.

"SMALL and neat—very; age uncertain; spectacles, thin faded hair, faded overcoat to match and an alpaca umbrella. He may be good, Will, but he is one of the most common-looking persons I have seen for some time."

"Did you ever see an original-looking clerk?" queried Will, reflectively, from his sofa by the fire. "It seems a moral necessity that they should all be fashioned after the same pattern."

"Is he a clerk?" I asked, turning round from the window.

"So Ford told me this afternoon. Jay, his name is; he's the cashier at Grimsby's."

The said cashier had just come up the street,

fallen into a habit of watching and speculating upon the stray threads of busier lives that sometimes drifted past the quiet corner where our barks had stranded. This was one. We had built up tall castles round the coming unknown, and it was rather a descent to find such an insignificant, commonplace personage for the occupant.

For two or three months his comings and goings were a matter of careless indifference to us. There was not the shadow of a peculiarity about him to waken any interest. Punctually at twenty minutes to nine every morning he let himself out of the front door; punctually at twenty minutes past six every evening he let himself in. Every Sunday morning he went to church, and in the afternoon read a big, brown volume that might have been either a family Bible or a Shakespeare, and after



"IT WAS OPENED \*\*\* BY LITTLE MR. JAY HIMSELF."—p. 561.

and let himself in at the next house. A wood-yard on one side and a long, low store-shed on the other, separated the two houses, that and ours, from the rest of the street. The other had been empty for months past, but a week ago the bill had been taken down from the narrow, dusty window; some old-fashioned furniture had arrived in a cart, under the charge of a grim-faced, deaf old woman, and lastly the tenant himself appeared upon the scene, and from the open laths of the Venetian we anxiously surveyed him, and straightway came to the aforesaid conclusion.

Will was an invalid—there was something wrong with his spine, and often for weeks together he never left his sofa. There were only the two of us now, and necessarily spending the greater part of our lives shut into our tiny house, we had

a lengthened discussion the first week upon his possible reasons for wearing such a remarkable drab overcoat, we left our little neighbor's movements unnoticed and uncriticised.

At length, in the middle of one bleak October night, we inaugurated an acquaintance with him. Will was seized with one of his worst attacks; the doctor's house was nearly a mile away, and our one maid was a stranger and knew nothing of the place; there was no time to lose, and in utter perplexity I slipped out at our front door and knocked loudly at the next. It was opened, after what seemed a terribly long interval, by little Mr. Jay himself, with a candle in his hand; he looked slightly amazed at the sight of me.

"Isn't it Miss Bryce?" he asked; "is anything the matter?"

"It is my brother—he is so ill, and I haven't any one to send for the doctor; would you mind—"

"Of course I will," he interposed; and I remembered after how promptly the response came; "where does he live?"

I told him, and hurried back. The doctor came; he had helped us through many previous illnesses, and shortly after the paroxysm passed, and Will quietly dropped off to sleep.

He was not able to come down the next day at all, and we took our tea up-stairs together in the evening. In the midst of it there came a gentle knock at the front door, and a message was brought up that Mr. Jay would like to see me for a minute.

"The first call of the series," commented Will. "Mind you thank him for me, for fetching Ford."

Mr. Jay was standing on the rug in the half-lighted sitting-room, and I delivered Will's message in due terms. I wound it up rather abruptly, finding that my eloquence was not making the impression I expected.

"Miss Bryce," he began, eagerly, the moment I stopped, "I wanted to ask you something. Do you think I could take proper care of a young baby? It's a girl."

I looked at him in considerable astonishment. "I—I don't know exactly—have you got one?"

"I found one last night as I came back from the doctor's; it's at the police station now. The mother was in a fit in the street, and she died this morning."

"Don't they know where she lived? Has she no friends?" I asked, dubiously.

"No; I went round to-night. London's a large place, and they can't find anything about her," he returned; "and the baby will be sent to the work-house, unless I take it."

"Babies need a great deal of attention," I sagely observed. "Do you really want it?"

There was a minute's silence before he answered.

"Miss Bryce," he said, "I am a good way past forty now, and since I was sixteen I have never had anything to care for or to belong to me. I'm poor and plain, but this little creature would not know that, and I would be better for her than the work-house."

"What does your housekeeper think about it?"

"I haven't said anything to her yet; she's old, you know; besides, babies sleep nearly all day," he explained, with an air of calm confidence, "and I am always back by six; don't you think it's possible? I thought you would understand."

I thought of the little man's forty lonely years—Will and I had each other—and turned to him suddenly. "Mr. Jay, you helped us last night, and if you take it I'll help you all I can with it. I don't know anything about babies, but it can't be very hard to find out."

"Thank you," he said, gratefully. "If you

would look at it sometimes in the day, or tell me what to do, I'm not at all afraid of the nights."

At half past six the very next evening there was another low knock at the door, and Mr. Jay came in with a big bundle in his arms. There was not a shade of anxiety in his bright face as he proudly opened the rough shawl to show us his new possession.

"There! isn't she a bonnie little creature?" he demanded.

"Indeed she is," assented Will, warmly, stretching up from his sofa to look at the tiny face and placid blue eyes nestling among the gray folds on his arm. It lacked no welcome from any one of us that night. We solemnly debated over the merits of various feeding bottles and vague fragments of half-forgotten nursery lore for an hour; and when Mr. Jay gathered up his little waif and left us, it seemed almost impossible that only two days before we had been perfect strangers.

Before a week was over, Mr. Jay's baby was an institution; but ah! the anxious hours before we got into that baby's ways—it had to come to that, for it utterly declined to fall in with ours. We read aloud elaborate theories from ponderous tomes on the propriety of regular hours and firm training, but one pitiful baby-cry scattered them all to the four winds; and, ah! the humiliating blunders I made in trying to fashion the little garments and make it look like other peoples' babies. Hitherto, I had ranked as a moderately intelligent and accomplished person, but those melancholy failures brought me down from that pedestal forever.

Through the day the basket that did duty for a cradle generally occupied one corner of our tiny sitting-room, but punctually at twenty past six, Mr. Jay appeared and took his treasure home; we did not hear much of the after proceedings from him—he was not a communicative person; but through the thin partition wall we often listened to his hurried, quarter-deck walk for hours together, trying to still its crying. Mr. Jay's hair was rougher now, and his general appearance lost much of the neatness that had originally distinguished him; but there was a lightness in his step as he went down the street every morning that there had not been heretofore, and a look of quiet content was gradually dawning upon his insignificant face that completely transfigured it at times.

He had mentioned his new responsibility at Grimsby's, and made inquiries in every likely direction, but the little waif seemed as completely unknown as though it had come—as we sometimes fancied Mr. Jay verily believed—straight from heaven.

She grew very quickly into a part of his life. I asked him merrily one night what he would do



with her if he chanced to fall in love, and his lady-love objected to this claimant.

He looked at his reflection in the chimney-glass a full minute before he spoke. "Do you think I look like a man for any woman to fall in love with?" he asked.

I could not conscientiously say that he did. "But if you—" I began, hesitatingly. I had read or heard it somewhere that any man not absolutely deformed might win a woman if he wished, and wanted to put it as politely as possible.

"That 'but' was over long ago for me," he interrupted. "That is why I wanted the baby."

And that was all we have ever learned, then or later, of his past.

We might tend the little one in his absence,

Mr. Jay suspended his pilgrimage a moment to tell us of another tooth that was shortly to make its appearance. It was a profound mystery to me in those days—is still, for that matter—why babies are not sent into the world ready furnished in that particular. So many of this one's grievances seemed to be connected with the getting them.

Mr. Jay rested his arm on the windowledge and looked down at Will's cushion. "Theodora," he said, briefly.

"Theodora," echoed Will; "it sounds quite impressive. Is it after any one you know?"

"N—o," he answered, slowly, and a little unwillingly, "it was because—it means something, you know."



"ISN'T SHE A BONNIE LITTLE CREATURE!"—p. 562.

and he was grateful for it; but once he reached home he seemed to prefer that she should be left entirely to his care. It was a curious mixture of the pathetic and ridiculous to see the methodical little man promenading up and down before the woodyard with his treasure, when the early spring evenings began to lengthen out, to give it the benefit of the fresh air, and the smell of the pine boards, which it was one of the articles of our creed to believe had a genuine country fragrance.

"He always reminds me of the old parable of the poor man and his one ewe lamb," Will once remarked, looking after him as he passed the window on one of these constitutionals.

"Don't you think it's time she had a name? What are you going to call her?" he asked, as

A little silence fell upon us, and he went back to the neighborhood of the pine boards.

"I rather think," observed Will, meditatively, after a long pause, "that Jay was originally intended for a great man—it comes out in stray things occasionally; but, unfortunately, he has not the slightest capacity for either looking or expressing the character."

Early the next morning (it was Saturday) Mr. Jay came in. There was something wrong with the baby, he thought—would I come and look at her? She was lying in her basket flushed and heated, and when Mr. Jay had reluctantly gone away to business, I put a blanket over it, and carried the whole concern back with me. The morning wore on and brought no change, and at

noon we sent for Mr. Ford. His face grew serious as he listened to her breathing.

"Keep her in one room, and have plenty of steam and hot water about; there are symptoms of croup."

Our hearts failed within us at the word. Croup was a fell destroyer we had heard of and read about in books, but we had not counted upon finding it at our own gates. Mr. Ford gave us some further directions, and went, promising to look in again in the course of an hour or two.

"Will, what are we to say to Mr. Jay?" I cried, as the door closed upon him.

"It will be a case of doing, not saying, I fancy," he returned; "though she may be all right again by then—children often are."

But she was not. Mr. Jay came in with the doctor about five, and there was no need to tell him; he saw it for himself. Mr. Ford stayed a little while, then he told us he could do nothing further—it depended on the child's strength—and he left us to our vigil. It was the first time we had ever seen a baby suffer. Hour after hour the old church clock down the street tolled out the long night, while we watched the fluttering little life that had been so bright and vigorous only yesterday—only yesterday, and it seemed almost a lifetime. The fair spring morning was breaking across the houses, when at last the hoarse breathing grew soft, and the tired baby limbs relaxed into quiet sleep. Will's eyes were suspiciously bright, and my tears fell like rain in the blessed relief. Only Mr. Jay stood over her without one word, and yet I think we both felt that his silence was deeper than our tears.

Theodora seemed the right name for her afterwards; we never gave her any other.

That summer was a very happy one to him. The blossoming-time, we used to say, of little Mr. Jay's life; his treasure flourished like a rose in June. She was beginning to recognize him now, and creep across the floor after him, baby fashion. Midsommer-day she had her first pair of little blue shoes; Mr. Jay brought them back with him that evening, and proudly fitted them on. Will laughed at their unserviceable appearance.

"She will cost you a small fortune in shoes alone, Jay, if you are going to keep her in that sort of thing."

Mr. Jay lifted his radiant face from the contemplation of them. "Ah, if you had had only your own to buy for as long as I have, you would understand the difference of those."

"All right; only there is such an institution as the work-house. She ought to be running to meet you in them in a few more months."

Mr. Jay looked down at the tiny feet in his hand. "I don't know; if I could, I would keep her always just as she is now—my little Theodora."

Yet there were not many days that he did not bring back some remarkable article that would be of little use till she had reached a far more advanced stage; the extraordinary toys, and books, and little garments that were laid up ready for her some distant day; the contrast between the worn middle-aged face and the bonnie golden head, always in such close juxtaposition—it is a good many summers ago now, but it comes back as freshly as yesterday.

The first little cloud came with the shortening days. It was an advertisement in one of the morning papers, that Will suddenly read out one day at breakfast:

"Information is earnestly requested of the whereabouts of Jane Dawson, late of 31 Camber Street, last seen on the evening of 10th October, having in charge a young baby five months old." A description of her dress and appearance followed.

He dropped the paper, and we looked at each other in sore dismay.

"O Will, I hope Mr. Jay has not seen that," I broke in.

"Jane Dawson's friends should have looked for her sooner if they wanted her so earnestly," was his comment. "It's late in the day to begin now. We are not obliged to help them, at any rate."

And with reprehensible want of principle we put the paper in the fire, and preserved a discreet silence about it.

Two days later, sitting by the open window, we saw a policeman come down the street, and knock at Mr. Jay's door.

Will put his head out: "There is no one there; what is it?"

The man leisurely descended the two steps, and took up a position whence he could survey our interior.

"I've come about that baby, sir, as your neighbor got from us last year."

"What about it?" said Will, abruptly.

"We think the lawful owners has turned up. They was in Australia, and left the baby out at nurse; we sent round to them yesterday; they was advertising for it. Maybe you've seen it," he added.

"Is it the mother?" I asked, quickly, without going into that last item.

"No, mum; a haunt, or something in that line."

"Then she cannot have it," I decided, promptly. "No aunt could take better care of it than Mr. Jay has; it would be cruel to take it away now."

"Very sorry, mum, but right's right, and he can't expect to keep other people's children if they wants them; perhaps I'd better come when he's at home."

Will shut down the window sharply. "Kate, I'm afraid poor Jay's is a losing game."

She was lying cooing to herself in the corner, and playing with her tiny hands. It was twenty minutes past six, and Mr. Jay came in, and took her up in his gentle way and drew her against his breast, where he held her for a little while with a loving clasp. Then he lifted her so that he could look into her baby-face, and they talked to each other in a language which both understood—the language of the heart. They were so happy together.

"There's the policeman again, Will!" I said, a little while after Mr. Jay went away with his treasure. And my heart gave a great thump against my side. He was standing at Mr. Jay's door. "I must see what is going to come of this." And I ran out.

Mr. Jay had just opened the door. The baby was in his arms. There was a startled look in his face as he saw the policeman. The shadow of an approaching evil had fallen upon his heart. I saw his arms close more tightly around the little one.

"I've come to see about that baby as you got from us last year," said the policeman, with professional abruptness, yet with a touch of feeling in his voice.

Mr. Jay's face became ashen. He moved back into the house, as one retreating from danger, yet with an air of conscious helplessness. The policeman followed, and I went in with them.

"The lawful owners of the baby has turned up, Mr. Jay. They've been in Australia. The baby was left to nurse. They've been advertising for it," said the policeman.

The poor little man sank into a chair, and bent over with the child in his arms, laying his face down upon its soft face.

"They've been a long time looking after the baby," I broke in. "If Mr. Jay hadn't taken her from the police station, she would have died in the work-house, where you were going to send her."

"Can't help that, mum. Maybe it's hard on Mr. Jay if he's got to lovin' the baby; but the law won't let him keep other people's children if they wants to have them themselves."

The situation was plain, and Mr. Jay saw it. He made no resistance. He was used to self-denial and to loneliness. The baby had brightened his life for many months, and it would be brighter for the reflected brightness of that time in all his after years.

I was not present when the relatives came and took the baby away, and cannot therefore describe for my readers the parting scene.

In a little while the old order of life before the baby came went on again. Punctually at twenty minutes of nine every morning Mr. Jay let himself out of his front door, and punctually at twenty minutes past six in the evening he let himself in. Every Sunday he went to church, and in the after-

noon read a big brown volume that we knew to be the Bible. A casual observer would have noted no change in Mr. Jay; but we saw that his steps were a little slower, and that he stooped more in the shoulders.

"Have you seen the baby?" I asked Mr. Jay, a few weeks after it was taken away from him.

"Oh, yes," he replied, a soft light coming into his face. "I go every Sunday, and they let me see her. She's so bonny! I can feel her arms around my neck all the week afterwards, and it's a comfort to me."

"It was all wrong," I said.

"No," was his quiet answer. "It is all right. They can do more for her than it was possible for me to do. And then they're her lawful guardians."

It may be all so. But I never look at Mr. Jay in his lonely goings out and comings in, that I do not utter a silent protest against the fate, or whatever any one may choose to call it, which robbed him of the bonny baby.

## BUSINESS TALENT IN WOMEN.

THE mainspring of many a man's success in business has been the influence of a quiet little woman, of whom the world heard nothing, who presided by his home fireside.

There is a latent business talent in thousands of women which a single look or word of appreciation can call into active exercise. This is a magic power which electrifies and quickens the whole nature. Many a business man would have been disheartened, and ceased struggling with the tide of ill-luck the last five years, but for the steady holding up of the hands, and cheering of the heart, which the "quiet wife" exercised even in the darkest days.

There is no reason why any sensible woman cannot become informed on business matters, at least sufficiently so to take an intelligent interest in them. A man may be reticent about his affairs, and a wise woman will not be importunate to know all its details; yet she can be a useful assistant for all that. Other business-men are glad of a hearing at home, and appreciate sympathy, and weigh well good suggestions with regard to new operations. But only a well-informed woman is capable of giving such advice.

There is often a great advantage for a woman to be able to go on with her husband's business in the case of a long illness on his part: and if he should be taken from her, it would be a blessing indeed if she had the talent to carry on his establishment, thus providing for herself and household. What women have done can be done again, and it has been proved over and over again that women can become good sellers as well as good buyers.

## BEYOND.

"IT'S no use—I can neever do it—neever!"

He struck his chisel into the stone wrathfully, as he muttered the words. It was late, and the rest of the workmen were putting up their tools and putting on their jackets, which they had laid aside during the day. The men were beginning to leave the quarry, but he worked on abstractedly some minutes longer before he quitted his bench and took up his coat and the little basket that had held his lunch.

He was a young man—hardly more than a boy—but there was something very strong and self-reliant in his clear, bright eyes and firm tread as he walked toward home. He did not want to be a stone-cutter. He wanted to go to the great town and study and be a civil engineer. He felt sure that he could win a name and fortune for himself; he was thinking of it now as he walked swiftly over the blooming heather, and then he thought of granny and the children—his little, roystering brother and wee, toddling sister. They had no mother but granny, and no father but him; if he went away the meal must certainly get low, and he was not sure there would always be fire upon the hearth. It was cool and pleasant in the copse, and he threw himself down at the foot of a tree, wearied out with his work and thinking; and the cloud in his heart, that showed on his face, gave itself vent in the sentence, "I 'ud lik' to know what's the gud o' livin'!"

He lay there some time, watching the glinting shadows of the fast-setting sun, trying not to think of it any more. Then he rose and took a new path through the woods, thinking it would soon join the one he had left, and just as he was beginning to wonder if he were not fairly lost, he came to a cleared space, in the thickest of the woods, in which stood a curious machine. He looked at it full of wonder. It was tall and beautifully made; he was about to investigate more closely, when a man appeared, dignified and venerable, upon whom the weight of centuries seemed to have fallen. He was quite as much interested in the working of the structure as the young man, but under the motion of his hands it seemed to go wrong—bands were broken, and delicate wheels refused to turn, and rust spots showed on the polished parts. Hubert was more than half a mind to put a summary stop to this mischief which he felt certain was due to the man before him, but getting a better view of his face, he checked his inclination.

"It must be the seer whose name is Beyond—I ha' heard of 'un."

Even now the work of destruction seemed complete; the beautiful work was falling—an utter wreck—into a long, narrow pile. Hubert drew near and gazed at it regretfully, the seer stood on the other side, and spoke for the first time.

"But for that which seems to you like ruin, the eternal powers could not suffice to make this greater or better than what you first saw," he held up two fingers of his right hand, and continued: "He that is not strong enough to wait, is not strong enough to work."

His hair and beard of silken whiteness seemed glorified, and a brightness shone down to the bottom of his long robe. In a moment he had disappeared. Then the young man heard a great number of low, sweet voices singing. Some of them sung these words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," others, which seemed to be higher up, "Praise ye the Lord," and others still answered them in a glad chorus, "For His mercy endureth forever." And now he saw another, a magnificent creation, so like the other and yet different. The rust spots were set with diamonds; what had been brass was now gold, and the iron was changed to precious stone. Every delicate part was in motion, running with resistless power, and Hubert knew, in his heart of hearts, that *this would never wear out*. Then he heard a sound as of mighty angels with trumpets, "Glory be to God in the highest!" The trees quivered with gladness, and the very earth rocked with an inspiration of joy. What was that! The sharp note of a cricket in his very ear. He woke hastily; the stars were shining through the trees, and his clothes were wet with dew.

"What have I dreamt?" he said, feeling for his basket and chisel. "I mind me it's a sermin' i' a noo guise," he thought, as he crossed the woods and went rapidly homeward. "Mayhap if I dunnut let mysel' be broken, I can neever be made," and then as he saw the red gleam of the light in his cottage-window, he added: "It 'ud be main foolish to gear this life so as to spoil the next—na, na! I'll live for God an' the duty He's put i' my han', an' neever fret!"

The children greeted him clamorously. Why was he so late? And were the lilies in blossom yet? Yes; and he would bring them some to-morrow—he would not be so late again. They had eaten their black bread, and now they had seen him, were willing to go to bed.

Hubert lived many years, but he never went out of the little parish. He was only a stone-cutter all his days, but he did good deeds and made many people happy. When he was buried, the villagers tarried in the kirk-yard to speak of him.

"He was a hearty neebur," said a stalwart man. "No man c'd face a stone afore him," said another. "He was so gud when my John brok' his laig," said a woman, wiping her eyes. "Yes," responded another, who carried a young child, "an' he was main steady at his work, but—" she added, gazing into the laughing depth of the blue eyes of her boy: "But he allays minded me as one seeing *summat beyond*."

ELIZABETH BRENT.



## MY SISTER-IN-LAW.

MY sister-in-law is a grand creature, while I am the merest little nobody in the world, and so, although she is not the one most vitally concerned in the incidents of this story, I can but feel that to her, properly and rightfully, belongs the place of honor. I should like to describe her, but am fearful of not doing her justice. That she is handsome, is beyond question; but there is that about her person and mien which impresses one more than mere beauty. Her great black eyes are bold and strong as an eagle's, her nose is slightly aquiline, and her mouth and chin are precisely like those seen in the pictures of Napoleon I. Perhaps this last fact humored the conceit, but her air and gait, even when about her common household avocations, used often to suggest to me the movements of a great military commander. Whatever the occasion, whether of hurry or not, she invariably maintains that same firm, majestic, deliberate, tramp, tramp, tramp through it all. She is not a great talker—your grand people seldom are, I believe—but she can make looks, tones and awful silences utter whole paragraphs.

Then her name—by the way, what a mercy, considering the absurd blunders that are so often made in naming children, that she was not christened Lily, or Lucy, or Phoebe, or Susan—her name, Margaret, accords well with her person and bearing. Never in my life have I heard her addressed as Mag or Maggie. The individual who would venture upon such a liberty would be presumptuous to the verge of madness. No! each syllable and each letter in that queenly appellation must be accorded every iota of its legitimate power and volume.

As for my brother, Seth, and myself, we are just common, everyday, uninteresting people; not worth the trouble of a personal description; both blue-eyed and brown-haired; he, tall, muscular and florid; I, diminutive and sailow; his most distinguishing characteristic being easy good-humor, and mine, extreme bashfulness.

Our father died before my remembrance, and as my mother was an invalid and Seth twenty years my senior, it came to pass that he took the place to me, of not-only father and brother, but almost mother, all in one. And never was kinder son and brother. No trouble was too great, no task too severe for him, provided it would bring ease and comfort to the suffering mother or pleasure to the tiny sister.

I was twelve years old when my mother died, and one year after that sad event, Seth was married to Margaret Southington, the daughter of the village milliner, "poor and proud." His marriage was a great shock to me, for I had never realized the possibility of such a change in our quiet,

peaceful life. I had seen Miss Southington at church and in other public places sometimes, and she had always inspired me with a feeling of profound awe, not to say dread. I was amazed that Seth should dare to address her even, much more that he should ask her to marry him. Very soon after this event I learned, for the first time, that we were rich. To be sure, I had always known that we were not poor—that we could have all we needed of everything—but, as I said before, we were plain people and easily satisfied, and I never took a thought as to whether we were richer or poorer than our neighbors. Now, however, scarcely a day passed that my new sister-in-law did not refer, in some way, to our wealth; so that I began to think that we must have been living over a gold mine, all these years, without knowing it. This knowledge did not affect me particularly, though, until the following spring, when improvements and repairs about the place began in earnest. Our dear old house, which I had heretofore believed to be a very marvel of comfort and convenience—and beauty as well, for it was always in perfect repair and bright with paint—the body a delicate cream color, the window casings and blinds a dark green—was thoroughly overhauled and remodeled, rooms enlarged and altered, wings built on here and there, French-windows, bow-windows, dormer-windows, porches and piazzas embellished it upon every side, so that, by the time all was done, and new and expensive furniture substituted for that which my mother had used during her married life, it had lost every familiar feature, and I crept about the grand rooms and broad, resounding halls like a poor, little stray kitten, and spent only so much of my time indoors as necessity compelled. The orchard and the fields were unchanged and homelike still; and, with a book or my work, I would pass whole afternoons beneath some favorite apple-tree or wandering listlessly from meadow to woodland, along the sunny banks of the brook and through the billy pastures, where the friendly cattle and the timid sheep regarded me with unwonted kindness, I fancied, pitying my lonely outcast condition, for I really, at times, felt as though I had no home at all in the wide world. I do not wish it understood that I questioned the propriety of these changes, for I had the highest respect for my queenly sister-in-law, and the most implicit confidence in her judgment, but I deplored them all the same, and wished in my heart that Seth had married Polly Simpkins, if he must marry, who would have known no better than we what to do with our money.

I think my brother must have read my feelings in part, for he said to me, suddenly, one day, while the work of arranging the new furniture was going on: "See here, Babie"—by the way, my name is Ruth, but I might at that time quite as well not have had any, for I was always called

Babie or Babe—"See here, Babie, wouldn't you like to have some of these old things of mother's in your room—to fix it up just to suit yourself?"

"Oh, yes!" I answered, eagerly, and then glancing doubtfully at my sister-in-law. "May I? Can I?" I added; "I should like it best of anything."

She smiled, a queer smile I thought, but consented readily, and all the following day I was as busy as a bee, arranging my room, and was happier than I had been in many months. The only trouble was, the room would not hold enough; and Margaret declared, with her peculiar, grim smile, that it looked like a museum. Seth liked it, though, and spent a good deal of time there—Sundays and rainy days—and often took his "noonings" there, resting upon our mother's wide, comfortable chintz-covered lounge.

After the house, the yard came in for its share of improvement. We had always been especially proud of our yard, my mother and I. It was always green, and smooth, and shaded with great maples; with clumps of roses, and lilacs, and syringas scattered about. There were hollyhocks in the corners and along the fences, and great bunches of old-fashioned, clove-scented pinks along the walk, and boxes of violets and mignonette beside the broad, front-door stone, and morning-glories trained about the doors and windows everywhere. Now, when it was all cut up into circles, and squares, and octagons, and diamonds, with nice, gravel walks between, and planted with rare and choice flowers of almost every variety, I was willing to acknowledge that it was ever so much grander and finer, but for all that, I could not help saying to myself, in the privacy of my own room, "It is not so sweet and good, somehow, and I don't like it."

Well, the work of renovating and improving was done at last; and then, when a fine, new carriage had been purchased, my sister-in-law, with her smile, which was scarcely a smile after all, professed herself quite well satisfied with her surroundings, and then added something, which I did not quite understand, though I think Seth did, about people who had money and did not know how to use it. My brother colored a little, but he laughed, in his quiet, hearty way, and patted her upon the shoulder approvingly, as much as to say, "You do." Somehow, her grand manners never seemed to affect him at all. He was just the same good-tempered, easy, plodding fellow as before; only he dressed a little finer, but that was to please her—for himself, he never cared what he had on.

Early in the following summer, when I was fifteen, Margaret's brother, Roscoe Southington, who had been in Missouri and Texas for the last ten years, came home for a short visit. He was between thirty-five and forty years of age, and was as like his sister as it was possible for brother to

be; only that he was taller and slimmer for a man than she was for a woman. He was darker, too—the darkest white person, I think, that I ever saw—and his heavy, black mustache and side whiskers gave him such a fierce and robber-like look, that I was, really and in truth, afraid of him.

I have said I was bashful; but the term bashfulness, in its ordinary sense, fails to express the half of what I suffered, when compelled to meet, and especially to converse with strangers; and the older I grew the infirmity, instead of mending, seemed to increase.

The day that Roscoe Southington made his first visit at our house, I kept in my own room. When tea-time came, however, Margaret sent for me, and I went down, but it was "with fear and trembling," literally, and in fact. Mr. Southington took no notice of me, however, save a brief nod when my sister-in-law named me to him, evidently considering me, as I was, a mere child and not worth it. After he was gone, Margaret fairly warmed into something like enthusiasm over his "grace of manner," his "culture" and "high bred air."

He came again soon, and remained several days, but I saw him only at table, for I could not conquer my fear and dislike of him, though he seldom noticed me even so much as to nod, for which favor I was sincerely thankful.

His visit, instead of being a short one, as at first announced, bade fair to be the reverse, for the summer passed and then the autumn, and still he stayed on, spending a part of the time with his mother at the village, three miles distant, and a part at our house. Finally, it was understood that he would remain through the winter. Although I no longer regarded him with fear, I never could feel the least at my ease in his presence, and would blush and stammer whenever he spoke to me, as he now sometimes did in a patronizing way, which was very unpleasant, to say the least.

About this time my sister-in-law, too, began to take much more interest in me and my concerns than she had done heretofore. She had always treated me kindly enough, but she rarely troubled herself about me in any way, suffering me to do very much as I chose in all things. But now, when Seth proposed sending me away to school, saying it was quite time, and that I ought to begin to try my wings a little, she opposed the idea strenuously; and so, much to my relief, for the thought of going away alone among strangers was a terrible one to me, though much against his judgment, it was given up. Once or twice, also, during the winter she objected to my going to "spelling-schools" and social gatherings among "us children," saying, among other things, that she did not regard Charley and Abby Ganson as desirable associates for me. Seth did not always

agree with her in these matters, but he had a way of getting along without much controversy, and her interference did not affect me seriously; only it annoyed and grieved me to know that she did not approve of Charley and Abby, for they—the latter especially—were my dearest friends. Mr. Southington, too, began treating me with much more deference and respect, often drawing me into the conversation, asking my opinion upon some unimportant matter, and otherwise noticing me. Although I felt flattered by this condescension, it was very embarrassing, and I would much rather he had continued his former indifference toward me. I am sure I never spent so miserable a winter, and I never longed so ardently for spring, "for then," I thought, "surely he will go away."

Spring came at last, but still he lingered, and my aversion for him increased, in spite, and perhaps in consequence of his evident anxiety to cultivate my friendship. My sister-in-law reprimanded me severely, several times, for my unbecoming timidity, and urged me to exert myself to overcome it. I think I did try; and I blamed myself, also, for my unreasonable dread and hatred of her brother; but with all my efforts, I was unable to control the one or banish the other.

Late in the spring, one day at dinner, Margaret announced her intention of going to the village that afternoon to do some shopping. She wished her brother to take her in the carriage, and she, also, wished me to accompany her. Although it would be anything but agreeable to me, I knew she would be highly offended if I made any objection, and therefore signified my readiness to go.

Scarcely had we got outside the great gate, however, when she suddenly recollected something which she was to have done that afternoon, and which, she said, must not be delayed upon any account, and that, consequently, she must remain at home, but that her brother and I could go without her; the shopping, she said, was trifling, and I could do it as well as she; it was time that I learned to depend upon myself a little.

"Oh, do let me stay at home, too! Do, please!" I pleaded, and I am sure my face expressed as much entreaty as my words. "I can't go into the store alone—I never did in the world!" which was true; but still, the terror of entering a great store with ever so many young gentlemen clerks, staring at one, was nothing to that of riding two or three hours, alone, with Roscoe Southington.

"Nonsense!" said my sister-in-law, with more impatience than she often manifested. "When do you ever expect to outgrow your foolish timidity? Do you mean to be a baby always, in fact as well as name? Drive off, Roscoe! and try to make the foolish little thing understand that you do not mean to eat her! And don't come back till tea-time either."

It was all I could do to keep from crying as the

horses dashed away, and I felt myself alone with this man, who was fast becoming a terror and a nightmare to me. What I suffered during that ride of three miles I will not attempt to describe, for only those as unhappily constituted as myself could understand it if I should. Never did the way seem so long, and when he lifted me out in front of the store, the wild impulse came over me to rush away up the street and hide in some alley until dark, and then make my way home on foot. My simple purchases were made at last; and when I found myself upon the road home, my spirits rose somewhat.

Mr. Southington had been very entertaining during the whole ride thus far, and very considerate, too—did not embarrass me by forcing me to talk, but kept up a constant flow of easy, familiar chat himself, mingled with amusing anecdotes and interesting incidents and adventures; all of which I should have enjoyed, but for my unreasoning dread of him. I was beginning to feel a little interested and more at my ease, for we were nearing home now, and my release was close at hand I thought, when—the skies fell! so it seemed to me. I don't know how he changed the conversation, or what he said, or how much he said—it seemed as if he were talking a long while—but one thing I understood, at last, and that was, that he wanted me to be his wife! Me! His wife! As soon as I comprehended that this was what he meant, it seemed as if I had known it all along—that this was why I had feared him so. I am not certain, but I think I put both hands over my ears, when I could bear his talk no longer, and said: "Don't! Don't say such things to me! I never thought of being married!" And I believe I attempted to spring out of the carriage. Then he laughed, and said I need not be so frightened; gentlemen didn't usually force young girls to marry them against their wishes; that he hoped I would sometime get over my fear of him, and much more that I do not remember and scarcely understood at the time.

How I flew up to my room when we at last reached home! I couldn't endure the thought of meeting any one, least of all my brother. It seemed as though everybody must read the whole preposterous story in my hot face. Margaret came to my room just before tea-time, and said, quite abruptly, and in her most chilling tone: "There is no need, Ruth, for you to acquaint your brother with anything that was said during your ride to-day; he might think, as I do, that you acted more like a simpleton than even you were expected to do."

"Oh, but he would never want me to marry your brother! I know he never would!" I burst out, my face burning afresh. "I shall not tell him, though. I couldn't. I wouldn't have him know for the world. I should be so ashamed!"

"I cannot conceive, I am sure, why you should be ashamed," she made answer, in the same icy tone. "Most girls in your position would think themselves highly honored."

"But I wouldn't marry anybody for anything!" I broke in impetuously. "Not for years and years to come—not even Charley Ganson."

I had no reason in the world for mentioning Charley Ganson, except that he was the only young man—or boy, as I regarded him—with whom I was at all upon intimate terms, though the possibility of my ever marrying him had never crossed my mind at that time. She repeated the name "Charley Ganson" contemptuously, and left the room, betraying more anger than I had ever seen her do before.

The following morning, however, she treated me just as usual—with more kindness, in fact, if anything. Her brother also seemed to have quite forgotten the unpleasant occurrence of the day before, and was so agreeable and amusing all through breakfast that I was near forgetting it, too.

For the next few weeks Mr. Southington lived almost wholly at our house; and let me contrive as I would to avoid him, it came about that I spent the greater part of my time in his company. His and Margaret's; for I *would* run away if she were not present; but it was not so easy to escape her. There was no compulsion used—it just seemed to *happen* so, somehow, I never could tell how.

Mr. Southington read to us a great deal in the long afternoons while we sewed; or, that failing, he would sing for hours at a time. He had a fine voice, and he usually chose simple love songs, and sung them so beautifully, that sometimes I actually forgot the singer, and listened with the purest enjoyment. I thought that of course he no longer entertained the idea of wanting me to marry him; and I was so thankful both to him and my sister-in-law for giving it up so readily, and without exhibiting ill-feeling over it, that I did my best to hide my aversion to him, and to appear at ease in his presence. But I was far from happy, and I ardently longed for the time when his oft-talked-of departure would become a reality. I even made up my mind to go away to school, much as I dreaded it, if he prolonged his stay until the autumn.

It was toward the end of July, when business matters called my brother away, to be gone several days. By the way, a branch railroad running from our village to the great through line, some twenty miles distant, had just been completed, and as it was comparatively in the early days of railroads, this new one was an object of considerable interest to us country folks, and the night before Seth started I said to him that I should like to go along when the "man" took him to the station, as I had never seen the new depot or the fine new

cars which every one was praising. The next morning was damp and cloudy, however, and I did not go.

The following day after dinner, Margaret said to her brother that she wished him to take her to visit their mother, and then turning to me added: "You can go with us, and make your long-talked-of call upon your Sunday-school teacher."

I should have much preferred staying at home, but I disliked to offend her by saying so, so I went to my room to prepare. I was just changing my dress when she came in.

"Oh, don't wear that old lawn!" she said. "You wear it so much. Wear your new gray poplin suit. The summer is far gone, and you may as well wear it while you can. And wear your best hat, too."

I willingly did as she desired in this, wondering a good deal the while at her unusual interest in my dress, for she stood by until I was quite ready, inspecting my shoes and gloves, and even my pocket-handkerchief. Young girls were so careless, she said, and Miss S. was so fastidious. Mr. Southington stood in the hall below awaiting us, and there was a look in his bold, black eyes, as they rested upon me for a moment, that awakened a portion of my old fear of him, and made me only wish I could invent some excuse for remaining at home. Feeling how impossible this would be, I said nothing, and quietly followed my sister-in-law to the carriage.

By Margaret's directions, we drove first to her mother's, where she alighted, whence Mr. Southington was to take me to my destination and leave me until they should call for me at the close of her visit. On our way, we passed in sight of the new depot building, and here Mr. Southington drew up suddenly, as though the thought had just occurred to him, saying: "Oh, here! You were wanting to see the new depot, weren't you? I'll drive down there; and as it is near train time, we will wait and see the cars go out."

Even while he spoke, he began backing the carriage to turn down a side street, a proceeding which required all his strength and skill, for the horses were young and impatient, and they reared and struck out their forelegs frightfully, throwing me into a paroxysm of terror, so that I had no chance to object to going until we were nearly there.

"I must try to get through it this time," I thought, "without making a fuss; but I'll take care that I'm not caught again."

He put me out at the depot and drove away, saying he would secure the horses and then join me. I walked about a little, and then took a seat by one of the windows in the waiting-room. It was some time before Mr. Southington made his appearance, and then he came in hurriedly, saying he had been detained.



"I wanted you to go inside the cars," said he; and then glancing at his watch he added: "There is time yet; it will be ten minutes before they will start. Come, let us go aboard a minute."

"But the people are all going on," I said. "Are you sure we shall have time?"

"Quite sure," he replied, confidently, and drew me half-willingly and half-fearfully upon the platform of the nearest car. The car was not nearly full, so that we were not discommoding any one, and Mr. Southington went along through it with me, calling my attention to various things—the arrangement of the elegantly-cushioned seats, the fastenings to the windows, the ventilators, the notices to passengers posted upon the walls, much of which seemed trivial to me at the time; but it served to occupy the time until the warning, "All aboard!" of the conductor caused me to bound nearly off my feet, and turn and spring toward the door. But now a rush of passengers blocked the way.

Mr. Southington laughed at my fright, as did several others, and I felt my face flush painfully.

"Oh, that is nothing!" said Mr. Southington, reassuringly. "He'll sing out two or three times before he starts. There is no hurry yet," and he pulled me gently into a seat, out of the way of the crowd that was thronging the aisle.

I was terribly impatient; but dreading to be laughed at again, I waited quietly, but before the people had all got seats and left the passage free, I perceived that the cars were slowly moving. I started wildly up, but Mr. Southington pressed me gently but firmly back into my seat, saying in a low voice and with an amused smile: "Sit quiet, please! Don't let us betray our greenness," laying particular stress upon the last word. "I presume the cars will stop again—they often do in this way—and then we will walk quietly out and not attract undue notice."

But instead of stopping they went faster and faster.

"Oh, what shall we do?" I said, with an effort controlling myself so as to speak calmly. "Wouldn't they stop and let us off if you were to ask them?"

"Of course not!" he replied, laughing. "They would only laugh at me, and ask where I was raised, probably. There's a blunder somewhere, certainly; my watch must be slow or something. But what of it? There is nothing so frightful about it, is there? We'll just run down to G., and come back on the next train. Margaret and mother will wonder a little what has become of us; but they will find out all in good time if they wait."

"To be sure," thought I, "what dreadful affair is it, after all!" and was comforted at once. If only Seth had been with me instead of Mr. South-

ington, I could have enjoyed the trip, and laughed at the blunder as a good joke.

"How long do you remain in G.?" Mr. Southington asked of the conductor when he came along for the tickets.

"About twenty minutes. We leave directly after the arrival of the through express," was the reply.

On reaching G., Mr. Southington led me back into an out-of-the-way corner of the large waiting-room, and left me there, with the serious injunction to remain in that particular place, saying that he had an errand in the town; and as he might not get back till the last minute, he should want to know exactly where to find me.

Accustomed as I had always been to have my movements directed by some one, and to "obey orders," all I saw in this was a desire to shield me from the crowd, and to guard against delay at the last, as he had said.

I grew very nervous as the time moved on, and with good cause, for the warning, "All aboard!" had sounded more than once, and the room had become fearfully empty, before my companion made his appearance.

Just at the last moment, however, and when it seemed as though my heart was literally in my throat, he came in flushed and panting, saying: "In time, if I did have to run for it! Now, come!" and seizing my arm we hurried out, and he swung me upon the platform of the nearest car, and leaped on himself, after the train was in motion.

Of course I had neither time nor opportunity to notice anything further than that the cars occupied the same position as when we left them; and I had no suspicion that all was not as it should be, until some ten or fifteen minutes were passed; and then I detected a strangeness in the surrounding country, which gave me a feeling of uneasiness.

Mr. Southington had taken a paper from his pocket the moment we had taken our seat, and seemed very intent upon it, never lifting his eyes from its perusal, or appearing conscious of anything about him. How I did wish he would look up! I never liked to speak to him; and besides I had such a dread of being laughed at for being "in a fidget" about something always.

At last I hesitatingly made known my fears that we had mistaken the train; but, without raising his eyes from his paper, he answered confidently, "Oh, no, we're all right now!" and went on with his reading.

Ten minutes or more passed again, and then we crossed a considerable stream which I knew was not a feature of our road, and I could bear it no longer.

"Mr. Southington," I cried, in an agony, "do please look out! We are not going home, I am

sure we are not! There is no such stream as this on our road."

This time he looked up, glancing quickly out at the window.

"Caramba!" said he, in a tone of surprise and chagrin. This was his favorite expression when startled or annoyed, and he seemed both now.

"Your are right, Babe, by Jove!" he added. "How confoundedly stupid! Two blunders in one day ought to suffice for a man of average intelligence, I'll allow. But, good gracious!" seeing, I suppose, how frightened and distressed I looked, "don't look like that! We are not going out of the country, child. There are trains going back, are there not, as well as this way? Come, come!" bending down and lowering his voice, "don't make a scene! You'll have everybody staring at you presently."

A good many were staring already, and this fact had quite as much to do in restoring my outward composure as his words. My veil was down, and I further shielded my face with my fan; but I was in such an agony of grief and terror, that Mr. Southington nearly had his trouble for his pains in attempting to explain how it was that the mistake had occurred, as I comprehended only now and then a word of it.

"But what shall we do?" I faltered, after I had heard him out, but without being much the wiser. "We mustn't keep going on and on, like this! We must go back!"

"We may as well keep going on as to wait at some little dirty way-station two or three hours," was his reply. "By the way, though, this is the through express, and does not stop often. Well, I see no better way than to go on to S., and then take the night express back."

It was with difficulty that I suppressed a cry. What! go all the way to S.—nearly fifty miles? How could I endure it? But, bad as that was, it would be infinitely worse, I thought, to wait at some intermediate station; and I knew so little of travel, that I never for a moment questioned Mr. Southington's assurance that this was the only alternative.

It was now getting toward sunset, and I heard the conductor tell a lady just back of me that we would reach S. at "eight fifty."

Mr. Southington had resumed his paper, and I leaned my head upon the back of the seat in front of me, and, with my fan for a screen, cried quietly. The train made several stops, but I was too miserable to be interested by anything outside or within.

A little after sunset, as I was sitting with my face at the open window cooling my fevered cheeks and throbbing temples in the evening breeze, we passed an eastern-bound train standing upon a side track. Of course I had only a glimpse of the faces in the other cars as we flew past; but that

glimpse was enough to show me that one of them was my brother's. I knew I was not mistaken; and I felt sure, too, that he recognized me. I knew not whether to feel glad or sorry. What would he think, and what would he do? And why was he returning so soon? He would be terribly worried, of course; and, worst of all, he could not help me in any way, as I was aware of. I was pretty sure that Mr. Southington had not noticed him, and I said nothing to him upon the subject. In fact, we hardly exchanged a word during the rest of the way to S., at which place we arrived in due course of time.

"When does the night express going east reach here?" Mr. Southington asked of the station-keeper.

"Twelve forty," was the instant reply.

"Four hours!" I wailed. "Oh, it is too bad! I can't, I cannot wait all that time!"

"Do you prefer going on?" my companion asked, with a look and tone which checked my tears, and caused me to answer with more spirit than he was at all prepared for.

"No," I said, "I prefer to wait here. I do not mean to go one step farther from home."

A hackman had been standing close beside me during these two or three minutes, who now, touching Mr. Southington's arm with his whip, asked; "Carriage, sir?"

"Yes," was the reply; "take us to some good hotel. I suppose you know which are the best in the place."

On arriving at the hotel, Mr. Southington said something in a low voice to a waiter, who bowed and conducted us up two flights of stairs, and showed us into a room. I did not look about me at all, I was too miserable; my head was aching terribly, and I felt so ill and weak I could hardly stand. I threw myself into the nearest chair, and burst into a passion of tears and sobs. Mr. Southington stood by and waited for this first outburst to abate, and then said, his voice sounding very kind: "See here, Ruth, you will make yourself really ill if you go on like this; you must control your feelings. You have had no tea, and are tired and nervous. I will go and bring you some, and then I wish to have a talk with you. See, here is water and towels. Now take off your hat and bathe your head and face, and you will feel refreshed. Four hours will soon pass, and then we can go home, you know."

I obeyed his suggestion, for I did not want to be sick, and I feared that one of my severe nervous headaches was coming on, in which case the journey home would be more than I could bear. On looking around for a place to lay my hat, I became aware for the first time that the room was a bed-chamber; but this gave me only a passing annoyance, so much was I absorbed by greater troubles. Mr. Southington soon came with the

tea; and even the fact of his bringing it himself, instead of sending a waiter, failed to excite much surprise. I drank it, and felt better at once; but I would not try to eat; I knew by experience that I was better without. Mr. Southington took the things into the hall and rang a bell, and then came back and began to walk uneasily up and down the room. I was sitting in a large cushioned chair, resting my head against the back, trying to forget my trouble, and hoping that my headache might pass off with the quiet and rest. Presently he spoke.

"This is really an unfortunate business, Ruth," said he. "I do not suppose you understand at all how very unfortunate it is—you are so ignorant of the customs of society. You are terribly distressed at being carried a little way from home, without previous knowledge and preparation, but all that, is a trifle compared with the real mischief that must result from our escapade." Seeing that I was startled, he went on: "I am sorry to add to your distress, but we must both face the difficulty, and at once. Now, what do you suppose people will say, when our sudden trip becomes known, as it probably will be before to-morrow night?"

I had it in my mind to reply, that, probably they would say that he had acted the part of a blunderer, rather than that of the accomplished traveler and man of the world that he claimed to be, but not daring to thus address him, I merely said "I don't know, I am sure. What will they say?"

"What would naturally be said of a young girl, who should go away with a gentleman without the knowledge of her friends? Should go away and spend the night?" he asked, looking at me meaningly.

It is impossible to tell how I hated him then, but I only answered, quickly: "But we can explain how it happened."

"You think anybody will believe us?" he asked, with a sarcastic laugh.

"Why, of course they will!" I answered, irritably. "Why shouldn't they. I never told a falsehood in my life, and nobody who knows me will disbelieve me."

"How little you know of the world—of human nature!" was his response, after regarding me silently a few moments. "Do you think that only the few who know you intimately will hear of this affair? It will be talked about all over the county—Seth and Margaret are well known, and you through them, and after this you will be better known than any young girl in the county. Now shall I tell you what people will say, and what they will believe, in spite of anything that either of us can asseverate to the contrary?"

Then he came and bent over me, and said that which made my head reel, and my ears tingle, and my cheeks burn with shame and horror.

"Oh, no, no, no!" I moaned. "Oh, nobody could say such cruel things!" and I buried my face in my hands and wept afresh.

"It grieves me to distress you, my poor little innocent," said he, in a voice of tender pity which was inexpressibly hateful to me, "but such is the construction which the world will put upon your conduct. Even Margaret—"

"Why do you say my conduct?" I flashed up at him. "You have no right to. I am not to blame for being here. I couldn't help myself. You are the one that is to blame for everything, and you ought to bear it."

"It matters not now how it happened or who is most to blame," he replied; "the mischief is done, and it will be wiser for us to devote the time to considering how best we can save your reputation, than to spend it in idle regrets or angry criminations. I can think of but one way that this can be done."

He stopped, waiting, perhaps, for me to ask him what this way was, but I did not; I just cried on, and he was obliged to explain himself without help from me.

"Ruth," said he, "we must be married before we return to G."

"Oh, no, no, no!" I wailed again. "Not that! I cannot! I would rather die!"

It would be too tedious, were I to repeat all the arguments to which he resorted, to induce me to consent to this plan. Let it suffice that he prevailed at last, even to the extent of gaining from me a promise, that when the proper time came I would give my affirmation that I was of age and lawfully competent to enter into the marriage contract, independent of the consent of any one. I was too ignorant of the real requirements of society, too inexperienced in the proprieties of life to know that much of what he said was false, cruelly so; and, besides, I was, physically, almost unable to think, or reason, upon any subject, and so was fain to believe his oft-repeated asseveration, that only by being married to him, at once, before our return home, could I ever hope to hold up my head again in respectable society; and, more, that the disgrace would not only ever cling to me, but my brother's honored name, and worse than all, even my sainted mother's memory would be irredeemably tarnished. On the other hand, he promised never to take me away from my home and my brother, until I would go willingly. That he would go away himself, as he had purposed doing, and leave me to enjoy as much freedom as had ever been mine.

When at last this understanding was reached, he went out to bring a clergyman and the necessary witnesses. I know not how long he was gone—I was too ill to care. I think I must have sunk into a kind of semi-unconsciousness, for the next that I remember distinctly, he was bidding me

arouse myself, that the minister was waiting, and we must dispatch business if we would catch the train. Before anything further could transpire, however, rapid steps were heard along the passage, the door was suddenly burst open and my brother entered, but with a face so stern and angry that I hardly knew him. With a cry of joy I tottered forward and fell into his outstretched arms. I did not faint, though I was but dimly conscious of what took place during the ensuing half hour. I know that the room was cleared of all but us three, and then there came such a torrent of hot, bitter, threatening language, that I could scarce believe it was my great, good-natured brother whose arms were around me, and to whose breast I clung.

"Desperado," "blackleg," "bigamist," "villain," were the epithets I heard, mingled with the keenest reproaches for his baseness upon the present occasion.

"I put aside my business," said he, "and turned back to warn you that detectives are on your track—yes, you may well start—your career of crime is known to me now, and only because you are my wife's brother, I have taken this much trouble to save your neck from the halter. I felt almost like a criminal myself for doing it, but I hoped you were not as bad as represented; and here I find you on the point of consummating a crime such as a devil might blush for. Go! Leave here quickly, or I shall expose you to the police."

I heard the door close after him, and I heard his steps along the passage, and that was the last I heard of Roscoe Southington.

As for me, I was too ill to return home until the following afternoon, but my brother was always beside me, and I felt safe and content.

"How did you get here?" I said to him, when my head was so much better that I could think and talk.

"Oh, there is no mystery about it!" said he. "When I saw your distressed face in the car-window, and saw, too, who was your companion, after having learned what I just had of his previous history, I knew there was villainy afoot. I got off and took the first train coming this way, made inquiries at every station, describing you both, and so kept on till I reached here. Luckily, the very first one I spoke to was the hackman who brought you to this hotel, and he remembered you both at once."

I did not tell him, indeed it had hardly begun to dawn upon my own mind then, that my sister-in-law was in any way concerned in my entrapment. If she were, as I now can but believe, she was amply repaid, in the alarm and suspense she suffered for many dreary months on account of her brother, the uncertainty attending him, and the humiliation of knowing that he was being hunted through the country as a common felon. She meditated no harm to me—no doubt she thought

she was working me a service—but money was her god, and next to the gratification of having it herself, she desired it for her family; and by the provisions of my father's will, as well as by my brother's careful management since, she was aware, that when I should come of age I should be the richest woman in the county.

For several months the fact was well known to us that detectives were hanging about the place, watching all our movements, and Seth was often annoyed by their attempts to impose upon him and to elicit information as to the whereabouts of his brother-in-law in some blind way which to him was always particularly distasteful. But the culprit must have made a speedy escape quite out of the country, for we never heard of his capture or any other news of him, and the excitement of the affair at last died out and was forgotten, except by those who had good cause to remember it.

Many years have passed since then, but my sister-in-law is as grand, and proud, and handsome as ever; my brother, too, is little changed, and as for me, well, I am just a little nobody still, but I am Charley Ganson's wife, and as happy as the day is long.

SUSAN B. LONG.

THE VEILED PICTURE—Two artist-lovers sought the hand of a noted painter's daughter. The question which of the two should possess himself of the prize so earnestly coveted by both having come finally to the father, he promised to give his child to the one that could paint best. So with the highest skill his genius could command each strove for the maiden. One painted a picture of fruit, and displayed it to the father's inspection in a beautiful grove where gay birds sang sweetly among the foliage and all nature rejoiced in the luxuriance of bountiful life. Presently the birds came down to the canvas of the young painter and attempted to eat the fruit he had pictured there. In his surprise and joy at the young artist's skill the father declared that no one could triumph over that. Soon, however, the second lover came with his picture, and it was veiled. "Take the veil from your painting," said the old man. "I leave that to you," said the young artist, with simple modesty. The father of the young and lovely maiden then approached the veiled picture, and attempted to uncover it. But great was his astonishment when, as he attempted to take off the veil, he found the veil itself to be a picture. Plainly he who could so veil his canvas with the brush as to deceive a skillful master was the greater artist.

A MODERATE understanding, with diligent and well-directed application, will go much farther than a more lively genius attended with that impatience and inattention which too often accompany quick parts.



## LESTER'S WIFE.

## CHAPTER IX.

LELIA left the office of her husband and called at the residence of the lady who had admired the dark and durable colors of her carpet, and wished to obtain it because with so large a family as hers, it was just what she needed for constant use. She did not even ask a reduction in the price, but took it off Lelia's hands at once, and without losing any time, she then purchased another, with bright, warm tints and glowing colors, just suited to her fancy. She ordered this to be sent home on the following morning, then engaged a couple of women who were to come at the same time. Having completed her arrangements, she hurried home to prepare a tempting dinner for her husband.

How cheerful it seemed. If Lester did not praise her cooking in words, he showed his appreciation in a very substantial manner, and both seemed to enjoy housekeeping more than they had ever done before.

On the following morning, soon after Lester had started for his office, the women came; the carpet was sent home, and they set to work with a will to do Lelia's bidding. The sombre-looking paper was replaced by a lighter shade, the bright-tinted carpet tacked down and the paintings of the shipwreck and conflagration taken from their frames, and replaced by those of cheerful landscapes. The photographs of her own family occupied the side of the wall opposite from those of the Bonds. A little home-made bracket was fastened in one corner above the table that held her work-basket, and upon this rested the pretty needle-cushion that had been her sister's gift; and beside it, lay the top which had been whittled out by Harry's unskilled hands, while vases of flowers filled the room with fragrance and freshness.

It was nearly tea-time when it was completed, and she flew to the kitchen to prepare an inviting repast before her husband's return. She spread the table in her mother's neat and pretty style, placing a vase of flowers near the centre in defiance of Cynthia's decision that they looked childish.

Just as everything was in readiness, she heard his step in the hall, and with no dignified model of propriety to frown upon her, she ran to meet him and drew him into the room which she had been changing. He gazed for a moment in pleased astonishment, then said: "Just like yourself! Your taste is faultless, Lelia; I regret that you were not here when the house was furnished."

"I am really glad that it pleases you," she answered, leading the way to the tea-table.

It was not the stereotyped meal to which they had been accustomed, but disregarding all that she had been told about such things, and such

only, being proper for tea, she had consulted his taste in the cooking, and her own in the arrangement.

"Well, how do you like it?" she asked, as he paused and surveyed the table admiringly.

"I am more than satisfied," he answered; "and how pleased mother and the girls will be to find that you are so competent. It will be quite a relief to Cynthia to learn that you can do so well without her; she has taken a great and unexpected interest in our affairs; she really seemed loth to leave you to manage alone."

"She has placed me under greater obligations than I was willing to accept," answered Lelia.

"I felt that it was a great deal more than we had any right to ask, but supposed that it was necessary; although, having chosen a young wife, I would have been willing to put up with any inconvenience to which your youth and inexperience might have exposed me," he replied.

Lelia was not at all sure that Mrs. Bond and her daughters would be as well pleased as her husband seemed to think, but since he was the only one personally concerned, she would no longer allow her happiness to be clouded by any outside interference.

In a few days Mrs. Bond was so much improved, that Cynthia found time to come over to assure herself that everything was conducted in accordance with her instructions; or, if Lelia had dared to digress, to have her step right back into the beaten track before she should get too far away from it. She entered as familiarly as if it were her own dwelling, and went straight to the sitting-room where Lelia was arranging a bouquet. She stopped short, as if fearful of having entered the wrong house; she gazed for a moment in speechless astonishment, with an expression of utter amazement upon her features truly comical to behold. Scarcely deigning to notice the cheery "Good-morning" with which Lelia greeted her, as soon as she could recover from her astonishment enough to speak, she angrily asked: "What in this world have you been doing?"

"Only brightening the room a little," Lelia answered, pleasantly, not at all dismayed by the look of displeasure which Cynthia gave her.

"I should think so," replied the sister, her temper rising visibly, as she observed the quiet unconcern with which Lelia regarded her. "And so this is all the appreciation you had for the pains that we have taken to furnish and prepare the house for your occupation," she said, with increasing anger.

"I appreciate your motives, but this is my room, and I like it better as it is; you furnished your apartments according to your own taste, did you not?" asked Lelia, quietly.

"I cannot imagine how you can bear to sit in this flashy room; what have you done with your

carpet?" asked Cynthia, ignoring Lelia's question.

"Disposed of it and bought one which suits me better," answered Lelia.

"And Lester *allowed* it?" she demanded, indignantly.

"Yes; and approves of the change," replied Lelia, with the same unruffled demeanor.

"Well, I knew that men had neither taste nor judgment, but I did not suppose that they were all downright fools!" exclaimed Cynthia, losing her patience entirely.

She passed to the kitchen and inspected the pantry and closets. The frying-pan was hung on the wrong nail, the teakettle-spout turned in the wrong direction; there was a vase of flowers upon the table in the dining-room, and the chairs did not look as if they were undergoing a military drill.

"I see that you cannot keep house alone, and inconvenient as it is, as soon as I can possibly get away, I shall come back and see if I can prevent you two children from ruining everything by your childishness; I did think that I had done enough to teach you the right way, but I see that I was mistaken," she said, petulantly.

"You have done enough, Cynthia, more than I can ever repay; and knowing this, I cannot accept anything more at your hands. I shall always welcome you as a guest, but I cannot, and *will* not, allow you to place me under still greater obligations by overseeing my household," said Lelia, firmly.

"Why did you disarrange things in the pantry?" asked Cynthia, without taking any apparent notice of Lelia's words.

"It looks now almost exactly as it does in my mother's pantry, and that is the way I like to see it," replied Lelia.

"I will not tolerate such disorder," exclaimed Cynthia, making a final effort to regain her authoritative position.

"If this is your house, I will move out and give you possession; if it is mine, I will arrange it and conduct it in accordance with my own wishes," answered Lelia, determined to speak plainly, since the occasion required it.

Cynthia was vanquished, and having taken her position, Lelia maintained it successfully against all further invasions, and not only secured her own rights, but inspired a wholesome respect in the minds of those who would have trampled upon them if they could, and then despised her for her weakness in permitting it.

Once rid of Cynthia's chilling presence, she carefully studied to employ her time to the best advantage, in order that, while neglecting nothing pertaining to her husband's home-comfort and requirements, she might be making constant mental improvement, and thus become an intelligent and

agreeable companion, as well as a model housekeeper and homemaker.

With a natural faculty for performing her duties with neatness and dispatch, she found time to devote a portion of each day to the acquisition of such knowledge and accomplishments as were required to make her a useful member of society.

With a taste for literature, she read the periodicals and books best calculated to give her extended views and an expansive range of thought. With such habits, there could be but one result; she became a most sensible and entertaining woman, whose society was constantly sought in the refined circle in which she moved. Always unpretending, never self-asserting, never seeking to be first, her abilities gave her the position, as naturally as the laws of cause and effect. And all this was but the result of trying to be a dutiful wife and a true woman for her husband's sake. But all the honors in the wide world could not satisfy the craving of such a woman's heart. It was not for an enviable position nor social distinction that she left the home where she had been so happy, but she had been lured by promises of undying love, and that sympathy and appreciation for which such a woman will brave the darkest frowns of fortune. Lester had forgotten, if indeed he ever knew it, that love is a sensitive plant, which requires the same considerate attention to retain it, that it did to win it. Such a woman's heart, with all its unfathomable depths of feeling, was a mystery which he had not even attempted to solve. He was accustomed to the welcoming smile with which she always greeted him, to all the little acts of kindness and self-denial by which she strove to make home the brightest spot on earth to him, and pleased with the high esteem in which she was held by others; but that she who gave everything to brighten his life, ever pined for some token of appreciative tenderness upon his part, or that one who constantly studied to cast the sunshine of happiness over the path of others, ever felt the chilling shadow of his thoughtlessness upon her own heart had never occurred to him; and this was why, that, upon one morning, after five years had drifted by, that Lelia turned from the window, through which she had been watching his receding form as he disappeared down the street toward his place of business, and with a look of unnatural firmness lingering in the lines of the delicate mouth and a resentful flash in the violet eyes, gave utterance to her rebellious feelings.

"I only asked for what he promised me; for five years I have studied to make myself worthy of the love that I supposed already mine, but 'tis folly to longer strive to find pure gold where it is not. Never again will I attempt to win one tender thought from Lester. Other women have lived

with empty, aching hearts, and what they have borne I can bear also. From this hour the woman's love is buried beneath the woman's pride, and henceforth I will simply do what strict, unyielding duty requires, and nothing more. I can live without whatever the all-wise Father sees fit to withhold, but I cannot believe that these things are in accordance with His designs. The heavy burdens which women have to bear were to be lightened by the husband's love and sympathy, but cruel indifference and misunderstanding obscure the light, and we grope our way in darkness and alone. But if 'love is an illusion,' life is no dream; there are mental and moral heights in which the mind may revel above the warmer current of affection, and if one may not choose the latter, the former lies before her, and henceforth the thought of love and its attendant happiness shall be to me like mystic memories of some pleasant dream."

To Lester Bond there was no diminution of actual home comfort; everything pertaining to his physical enjoyment was scrupulously attended to, but the tender lovingness and sweet caressing ways were gone. There was no sign of ill-temper, nothing that he could express in words; but he was conscious of an undefined *something*—a lack of that perfect restfulness which had pervaded the home atmosphere; and although he was unable to define it, it was a want of the soothing influence of her tender lovingness toward him; but he never definitely expressed it; and Lelia's pride was a barrier over which she would not pass; and having no idea of the nature of the shadow which seemed to rest upon him, Lester soon became accustomed to it.

But what Lester had lost the world had gained. She gave herself up to society more than she had ever done before, and the womanly tenderness, repressed at home, manifested itself in kindly charities toward the needy who came in her way. Her name was seldom seen upon the popular subscription lists, where pride had quite as much to do as charity; but many a little child was made happy by the present of a comfortable garment, and many a tired invalid, in haunts where fashion never made her calls, blessed the kind and sympathetic woman, who came like a ray of sunshine, dispelling gloom and despondency by her soothing presence, and teaching lessons of truth and morality by the purity of her example; but never for a single day did she relax her energies in the pursuit of mental attainments.

To her, life was a real and earnest thing, and because it withheld the *one* choice blessing, was no reason why she should not accept the others. She came like a brilliant star upon the social horizon, with beauty and radiance constantly increasing as the drifting years carried her toward the zenith.

## CHAPTER X.

TEN years have passed away, and Lelia is no longer like the bud half unfolded, giving only glimpses of beauty and brightness yet to be revealed, but like the full-blown flower, with every tint and shade perfected and matured. She stands before an audience of refined and cultured people, who listen with appreciative eagerness to the words which fall from her lips. The timid, girlish look has gone from her features, and the woman's rare intelligence beams from the soul-lit eyes as her gaze wanders occasionally from the pages which she is reading to the throng of attentive faces before her.

There is a wonderful soundness of logic, a thrilling earnestness in her voice, and an indescribable charm in her manner, which holds the entire audience in breathless silence, broken only by bursts of applause when their pent-up enthusiasm can no longer be restrained.

And what a perfect oration followed the closing portion of the address! Distinguished men hastened to congratulate her, and fair women thanked her for having vindicated the ability of their sex. But, in the midst of all this triumph, it was not to Lester that her eyes turned for sympathy and congratulation; but her eyes rested upon the exultant face of the fatherly old physician, and it was to his wife that she extended her hand, which was held in motherly tenderness.

Lester made his way to her side, but she merely took his offered arm, without even a glance to betray the fact that his appreciation tenderly bestowed would have been dearer to her than all the praises of that vast throng.

For a moment, a feeling of half-resentment, half-jealousy took possession of him; but it was soon forgotten in the husband's pride as she moved through the hall with him, receiving congratulations from those whose appreciation was an honor.

There were others, however, who felt neither pleasure nor approval.

Mrs. Bond regarded it as a personal insult to herself that Lelia had looked to Mrs. Allen for motherly sympathy, for she had watched her closely; and the apparently indifferent manner in which she had taken Lester's arm was quite as displeasing to both mother and sisters as it used to be when she clung to him with so much fondness; and they all felt that it would have been more to their satisfaction to have seen Lelia congratulated upon Lester's attainments than to have the order reversed. Lester's momentary displeasure had not escaped their notice, and it gave them a hope that they might influence him to check, although they knew that he could not wholly suppress the enthusiasm with which she entered into the spirit of these scenes.

It was well enough for Lester's wife to be a

woman of which they need not be ashamed, but when it came to throwing the whole family in the shade by her most remarkable attainments, it was altogether too much; and before they retired that night, it was decided that, if Lester had the least shadow of pride or spirit in his composition, he should be made to feel the secondary position into which he was drifting.

On the following morning he called at the residence of his mother and sisters, and, after a few preliminary remarks, Mrs. Bond introduced the subject.

"Lester," she said, "do you approve of the public position which Lelia appears to be occupying? People seem to think that she has nothing to do except to be present at every assemblage, and devote her time and talents to their entertainment; and even you seem to be drifting away from us; neither your sisters nor myself had any intimation of the part that she was to take in last evening's proceedings; we merely saw her name upon the programme; but you did not even mention to us that she was making such unlimited preparation."

"For a very good reason," he replied. "I knew as little of the matter as yourself until she stepped upon the platform. She was waited upon by a committee of the most influential citizens of the town during my absence, and yielded to their request to write that address. I suppose that she attached but little importance to it herself, for she did not allude to it in my presence; and, in fact, the part which she takes relieves me of a responsibility which I should otherwise feel."

"Lester Bond!" exclaimed the three women, in astonishment.

"I see nothing so very surprising about it. She is not in the habit of talking of her own doings," he replied.

"I'll warrant that Dr. Allen knew it, and his wife also," said Cynthia, insinuatingly.

"Certainly; he was one of the committee," replied Lester.

"And you see nothing objectionable in her giving to him the confidence which she withholds from you?" said Louisa, derisively.

"That kind-hearted, fatherly old man, who is held in such high esteem by the entire community?" said Lester, indignantly. "I freely admit that I am perfectly willing that she should profit by his counsel."

"Lester, are you willfully, hopelessly blind?" asked Cynthia, indignantly. "Can you not see that it is Mrs. Lester Bond who is winning all this fame and distinction, while if her husband is mentioned at all, it is only in a secondary point of view. After last evening's success, her name will be lauded in the papers and echoed by every lip."

"I certainly thought that she reflected honor upon us all," said Lester, complacently.

"And you are willing to accept reflected honor—and from her!" exclaimed Cynthia, indignantly.

"I hope that I am not so entirely destitute of the real article as to be jealous and envious of my wife," replied Lester, sternly.

"Well, if it pleases you to be utterly ignored, and treated with such indifference that it is plainly evident to any observer that she cares nothing for you, while she is rapidly developing into one of those strong-minded, public-spirited women to whom home and husband have no sacred meaning, I suppose it is your own affair; but a man with the least shadow of the old family pride and spirit, would not contentedly drift into a subordinate position in his own household," replied Cynthia, contemptuously.

"I am not aware that I occupy any such position," replied Lester, indignantly.

"Of course not; although it is sufficiently apparent to every one else," answered his mother, ironically.

#### CHAPTER XI.

LESTER left the house in an angry mood; but their words were not without effect, and ere long he began to contrast the gifted and self-reliant woman with the sensitive and affectionate bride, who had seemed to live in the light of his presence alone. Memory ran back to the time when a sweet girlish face looked anxiously forth from the window, and a light, graceful form sprang to meet him after a day's absence. It was childish, perhaps, but it was very sweet to remember. He had been the recipient of all the measureless tenderness of that fresh young heart. It was what he expected when he won her—what he had enjoyed for a time; but just how or when she had abandoned all those tender and caressing ways, and found the light of his presence insufficient for all her needs, he could not tell. The more he reflected, the more he felt aggrieved. "She had no right to change—none whatever; his manner toward her was just the same that it had ever been; and, besides, he had married her to add to his own happiness, not to be claimed and admired by the world at large."

The farther away that she seemed to drift, the more precious she became. The fear of losing a treasure always gives it an added value, and by the time that he reached home he was truly longing for the old-time affection with which she used to greet him.

After entering the house, he stood for a few moments gazing upon her portrait, taken during the first summer of their marriage. There was the same girlish face, with the sad and tender expression that hovered around the pensive mouth, and the mute pleading in the violet eyes, that seemed to look down upon him now with all the old-time lovelight trembling in their depths.



"What would I not give to be able to call that expression to her face again; but only in the picture shall I behold it!" he mused, as his gaze rested lingeringly upon it.

He turned at length and entered the sitting-room where she sat, busy with her sewing. She merely glanced up in acknowledgment of his presence, utterly unconscious of the fact that he felt a strong desire to fold her in his arms in a flood of newly-awakened tenderness; but there was no appeal in the violet eyes, no mute pleading for the caress so long withheld—only calm, matter-of-fact indifference.

There are, perhaps, moments in the lives of the sternest men when they long for the very sympathy and tenderness which their own actions have chilled and repelled; but their emotions find so little expression, that it is not even suspected by those with whom they hold daily intercourse.

So it was with him. His eyes searched her face in vain for some trace of the old lovingness, for some token by which he might know that the same true and gentle heart throbbed more happily at his coming; but he saw none.

She made some commonplace inquiries concerning the health of his mother and sisters. He replied absently, and sat watching the graceful figure as she arranged her work, as calmly as if there were no surging billows of feeling stirring the very depths of his soul.

"Lelia, you are greatly changed," he said at length.

"Am I?" she said, looking up inquiringly.

"You certainly are," he replied, earnestly. "Time was when you watched eagerly for my coming, and sprang to meet me at the first sound of my step in the hall. All this has passed away, and instead of the gentle and affectionate Lelia of other days, I find only a cold and self-reliant woman, whose face does not even brighten at my coming."

She turned and looked at him curiously, and he continued: "It is not worldly honors that makes a wife precious in her husband's eyes. True womanliness—that which men most prize—consists in tender lovingness at home; in that endearing communion upon the sacredness of which no third person may intrude; the fond caress; the tender glance; the love which finds expression in a thousand winning ways, evident enough to its recipient, but unseen by aught outside; making home an Eden, and robbing earth of half its cares. This is woman's true sphere, the place for which she was designed by Heaven and prized by man."

Lelia listened in astonishment at this unexpected definition of woman's sphere, and there was a scornful flash in her eyes and a satirical ring in her voice, as she replied: "I understand. She should make man her idol, lay her heart at his feet, live only to worship and adore him, make

her whole life tributary to his happiness, sacrifice every cherished dream of her own that she may more perfectly serve him; and if she does not constantly exhale a spiritual and ethereal tenderness, a love rivaling that of angels, nourished and sustained by the magnificent consideration of food and clothing, which he magnanimously bestows upon her in return for these modest requirements, she is drifting out of her sphere!"

The cutting sarcasm of her words completely silenced him for a moment. After regarding her reproachfully for a short time, he said: "Lelia, you are a gifted woman; I acknowledge that your talents and unusual abilities render you more than my equal in point of argument; but the public honors which a woman receives do not add to a husband's appreciation; the soul of womanliness does not consist in this. The more the world admires and claims you, the less you belong to me. Dearer, a thousand times, would be the gentle and affectionate Lelia of other days, than the cold and self-reliant woman who is fast drifting out into the ranks of those women whom we generally designate as strong-minded."

Memories of that first summer, when all the sympathy and tenderness which she, in her weakness and dependence, had so sorely needed was so persistently withheld, and the succeeding years in which she had tried so vainly to win from him the very things which he now demanded from her, filled her with indignation and resentment, and she confronted him with a fierceness which she had never before exhibited.

"Strong-minded! I wonder if all the women who bear that appellation had to be driven to it as I have been?" she asked, vehemently. "I wonder if they all had to be cheated out of life's dearest, best and holiest inheritance, which the kind and merciful Father meant to bestow upon them—robbed of the husband's love and sympathy which was to have lightened the heavy burdens which women have to bear, until they are convinced that love is an illusive shadow which has no existence outside their own hearts, and that the brain is the only real, living power which it is worth their while to cultivate?"

"What do you mean?" he asked, astonished at the unusual vehemence of her manner.

"I mean that if you could place me back where I was ten years ago, before yourself had robbed me of it, your wife would have the very attributes which now you say you prize. I mean that many and many a time I have left your presence to hide the tears that I could not keep from falling, when I had so longed for your coming, and you gave me only the same careless greeting that you would bestow upon a stranger. The air distills its dews upon the flowers; they in return fling back their perfume on the air; but man absorbs the last drop of tenderness from a loving heart, and then com-

plains that it is the cold and sterile thing that he has made it."

"Lelia," he said, reproachfully, "for ten years you have been my wife, and never before have I had cause to doubt your perfect love and tenderness."

Natures like hers cannot be roused and calmed at will, and bitter memories came thronging relentless up—recollections of the many times that he had called her childish and unwomanly, when her girlish heart seemed bursting for want of kindly sympathy—stirred the surging depths of her resentment, and there was a crimson glow upon her cheeks, an angry flash in her eyes, as she answered: "If I could look back upon ten years of married life without a doubt of your affection, I would fall upon my knees and thank God for having bestowed upon me so great a blessing, and implore Him to make me worthy of such kindness. But I have done with moonshine; you told me yourself that it was to be cast aside with the honeymoon, and that has long since waned with us. My love for you was like some tender flower which you transplanted to a cold and sterile soil, and then suffered it to perish from the chilling blight of your neglect; and now you wonder that it yields no loveliness or fragrance!"

"Lelia, you are bitter and unsparing. There may be truth in all you say; but I little thought that you, who have so much charity for others, would be so merciless with me. It is hard to leave your presence, knowing that you cherish such unkindly feelings toward me. I shall go forth; must I return to find the light and warmth of home displaced by icy coldness?" he asked, appealingly.

Her feelings had been too deeply stirred to be calmed by a few soothing words from him, and she answered: "You will find the woman you have educated me to be; to attempt to undo in a single moment the work of years, would be as useless as to shut the bee away from light and flowers, and bid it garner luscious sweets from chilling darkness!" and with an impatient gesture she turned away and left the room.

He stood looking after her, with a new revelation dawning upon his mind. She was no longer the gentle, child-like wife, who knew no joy beyond the bliss of pleasing him, but a proud and spirited woman, who might, perchance, be won by tender pleading, but never could be argued into dutiful submission, or made to yield to aught beside his penitence.

He pondered long and earnestly upon her words, blaming himself for thoughtlessly accepting all the little acts of self-denial by which she had ministered to his happiness, and regretting that he had not been more gentle and considerate toward the young and sensitive wife who had so fondly loved him.

At length he sought her presence, hoping to find her in a gentler mood than when she left him. She stood leaning against the casement, gazing out upon the verdant hills that rose beyond the town, with the sunlight falling softly over the slender figure and shimmering through the unbound tresses that were her crowning beauty. The angry light had left her eyes, and gentler feelings were striving to drown the fierceness of the storm that had swept her mind.

"Lelia," he said, regretfully, "your love for me may be like the withered flower of which you spoke; but is there not some little germ that might be gathered from it, and nourished back to life by love's own sunshine? I have not understood you; but I have never ceased to love you; and if I can win back the smiles you used to give me, and see you watching in eager longing for my coming, believe me, you will never doubt my love again."

She turned from the window, and stretched her hands toward him. A softening radiance hovered over her features, and all the old-time tenderness trembled in her tones as she said: "My husband, has there always been some hidden recess of your heart which has enshrined a love for me through all these years, in depths which I have failed to penetrate?"

"Even so, my wife; and never again shall doubt or coldness come between us," he said, as he took her hands and drew her to him. "I have been thoughtless, careless and ignorantly cruel, but never really indifferent; and if you can forgive the past, I will try to make the future atone for it."

"I do believe that Lester glories in the public admiration which Lelia receives," said Mrs. Bond to her daughters, some time after their conversation with him. "He looks like one who does not know a care; one would think that his life was all sunshine, by the happy expression that he wears."

"It is certainly unaccountable. And Lelia seems different; she flits about the house with a sort of bird-like happiness totally unlike the sedate manner which was her wont; not childish, but youthful. What can it mean?" asked Cynthia.

"She cannot have unexpectedly inherited a fortune," suggested Louisa.

The secret is no mystery to the reader; the sunshine of mutual love and confidence was shining brightly over their hearts, and to them the world was like Eden, with its brightest, happiest centre within the walls of their own dwelling, just as every home would be if the blessings bestowed by the Heavenly Father were not scattered by human selfishness and misunderstanding.

ISADORE ROGERS.

THE END.

## A PASSING ACQUAINTANCE.

"WELL?"—"Well, it's quiet enough here certainly; don't you feel already as though you could enter into Robinson Crusoe's feelings as you never did before?"

We two were standing in the misty April twilight, in a tiny north country station. It was Saturday evening; the train from which we had just descended was fast disappearing in the distance; there was only one solitary human being visible, a dejected-looking porter, who surveyed us and our tickets doubtfully, as if he thought our getting out at all had been a mistake. Cabs seemed utterly unheard of, and there were six miles of moor and heath still between us and the Pike Hotel, which Tom had decreed was to be our headquarters. "We can't walk and carry that thing," he remarked, with a scornful glance at the bulky old portmanteau lying at our feet. "I'm sure there was some kind of bathing machine here the last time I came."

"Aye," answered the porter, "but that belongs to the 'Pike' people, and they only send it to meet the midday train. They've got a sort of gig at the Stanley Arms down yonder, though it's a chance if the horse is not away at the plowing."

"We must go and look him up then," decided Tom, promptly; "can you carry that down? Make haste then."

The Stanley Arms was by no means the dignified pile its name implied: a dingy, insignificant inn, with a doorway that seemed to have been designed for the use of dwarfs only. The landlady came to it and surveyed us.

"Yes, the horse is at home," she said, "but he wants a feed; and wouldn't ye like a cup of tea? There's a long spell before ye."

There was a long spell behind us, too, and that tea, with the brown bread and country cream, was not a thing to be lightly forgotten. While we drank it the landlady told us about another traveler to the "Pike," who had called in an hour before—a little, plain, bad-tempered gentleman in blue spectacles—and she didn't think we should find any one else there; the season had not properly begun yet, we were a great deal too early to see the real quality.

This was gratifying. Further information on the matter was cut short by the appearance of a tall, yellow, creaking chariot before the window. It had been her husband's father's, when he was first married, our hostess told us with much pride; and it was quite a family "relict."

Evidently, and we regarded it in silent astonishment for a full minute, before we cautiously climbed up behind the ponderous animal in the shafts. Judging by his maneless and tailless condition, he also must have commenced his career about the same time as the "relict."

It was the first time I had ever been so far north, and the "Pike" was far out of the regular tourist track. I have been there many times since, and tramped over almost every hill and dale of it, but to this day the broad, north-country names carry me back to the chilly spring evening I saw it first; the dark hills and wide, bleak moors, the watery-yellow gleam in the west where the sun had gone down and the soft, misty rain in our faces, as we jolted along the uneven road.

"There is some one else on pilgrimage to the 'Pike,'" Tom announced, from the box-seat when we were about half way, "possibly the first instalment of the distinguished crowd who will follow in our track."

"Or possibly the little, plain, bad-tempered gentleman in blue spectacles," I suggested; "this one is little enough in all conscience."

Presently we caught a vision of the spectacles, when he turned his head at the sound of the wheels behind; that decided the question, and Tom, telling the boy to draw up, politely offered him the fourth seat in our chariot. We had been in possession of it for above half an hour, and were beginning to feel a sort of pride in its peculiarities and the knowledge of its being probably the only remnant of its species extant. That evaporated utterly before the stranger's amazed look; it expressed anything but admiration. However, he accepted our offer, and handing up a small knapsack, a large fragment of spiky granite and a square glass bottle confining some unpleasant-looking spiders, he ascended to the vacant seat, where Tom and he straightway entered into a conversation about the cross-roads, that lasted till we reached the end of our journey.

A big, rambling, gray stone house, at the foot of a long, sloping stretch of stony moor. It was too dark to see anything but the bare outlines. We stood a minute at the door to listen to the stream plashing through the knot of pine-trees in front, then a little landlady appeared, and welcomed us right joyfully—her first visitors this season, she told us.

Half an hour later I strolled into the long dining-room in search of supper. The only light in the room came from the blazing wood fire, it flickered cheerfully on the uncurtained windows and cast long shadows on all beyond. Tom was standing on the rug before it, thoughtfully regarding a huge cheese on the table.

"That is something like a cheese," he observed, "you would not find a piece that size in a city hotel."

"No—Tom," I went on confidentially, "do you think the little, plain, bad-tempered gentleman is going to be an inflection?"

"Hush! can't you?" said Tom, sharply, and then horror and consternation fell upon me as I caught the gleam of the blue spectacles from the

corner beyond. He came forward into the light, and Tom hurriedly stumbled through a sort of introduction: "Dr. Blake, of St. Aidan's; you remember, Ambrose?" I didn't, but said I did, and subsided into a remote chair as speedily as possible.

From the doctor's face it was impossible to gather how much of the allusion he understood; his manner was frigidly polite, and I hoped against hope that his ears might prove to be no keener than his eyes.

The next day was Sunday—Easter Sunday—a lovely, clear, bright morning. Tom and I had been early trained to the conviction that church was the only proper place on Sundays for all well-conducted people; there was one not more than four miles away, so accordingly after breakfast we went forth to find it.

I am afraid we made many digressions from the paths of piety that morning; I know we made divers excursions up hills that we had no reason to believe lay in the direct road, to watch a distant train winding in and out of the glens, and the great cloud-shadows sailing over the moors; and that the congregation, consisting chiefly of school-children, and a clerk who greatly magnified his office, were just composing themselves for the sermon when we finally reached our destination.

An uncomfortable, time-worn, decaying little place it was, with deep box-like pews that swallowed up the said congregation entirely when they sat down. It seemed to be also used as a kind of winter store-house; there was a faint scent of apples and onions in the air, and we counted several sacks of corn at the back; but the waving pines brushed the narrow windows, and somehow, under the shadow of the great hills, the old story of the Resurrection came to us with a deeper meaning than it has often had in grand city churches since.

The service ended with a very long metre hymn, given out and sung as a solo by the indefatigable clerk. Standing up for it, we discovered Dr. Blake's shining bald crown in a neighboring pew, and wondered why he had not mentioned that he was coming. He joined us in the porch after, and we walked back together.

"I asked that clerk how long the curate had been there," remarked Tom, breaking a long silence; "twenty-seven years, he says; it's half a life-time; just think of it in a place like this!"

"I wonder if he ever goes into any towns or cities, and how things look to him," I speculated; "if he feels above or below other people, because he is out of it all, or if he has come to consider that the crops and the weather are the two really great facts of life."

"Your great namesake lived out of the world longer than that, Mr. Ambrose," observed the professor, curtly, "without altogether descending to those two items."

"I'm afraid I don't know much about him," I returned—"but it surely doesn't mean to rain?"

But it did. The great, white clouds suddenly descended in a tempest of driving rain, that promptly banished all speculations but the one of getting home as quickly as possible; and except for a short stroll under the wet pine-trees at sunset, we stirred out no more that day.

I was lounging at the window the next afternoon, counting the big drops in a puddle underneath, when a conveyance made its appearance on the crest of the hill, and slowly lumbered down the steep road in front. I put in my head.

"Tom, come and look at this; it's almost as antiquated as our 'relict.'"

Tom and Dr. Blake sauntered across the room with an assumption of lofty indifference; it disappeared at the first glimpse.

"Why, that's the bathing machine from the station," cried Tom, in joyful recognition; "who can be inside it?"

A few minutes more and it staggered up to the doorway, and two ladies descended from it, one a widow—mother and daughter evidently. Fair, tall, graceful women both; but the daughter was more. I thought that day, as I think still, that it has been given to few men to know a grander, sweeter face—or woman. They came quickly up the steps together, not without an astonished glance at the three heads eagerly stretched out from the upper window.

They were drawn in on the instant.

"What will she think of us, staring at her like a lot of school-boys?" ejaculated Tom, red with confusion.

"The mother, do you mean?" inquired the professor, going back to his book.

Tom sat down, a shade redder than before.

Mrs. and Miss Reed, we heard they were before we went down to tea, where they occupied the opposite seats at table, and gave an entirely different aspect to the room and a different tone to our conversation, too; we found ourselves unconsciously airing our loftiest views for the benefit of the new-comers. They listened very calmly.

We made a pleasant little party at the "Pike" now, though before many days had gone by I had decided for myself that the little professor was going to be a serious infliction. Clever, appallingly clever, dogmatic—and no man is worth much who is not, upon some points at least—he was also intensely irritable and irritating, and it seemed to me that his sharpest, most aggravating remarks were reserved for my edification.

By the end of the next week that explained itself. At the other side of the pine-wood, the stream gathered up all its force into one deep fall, the boulders below were polished like glass with the constant friction. Taking a short cut back one afternoon, I found the professor, who had gone



out after his beloved spiders, helplessly slipping about among them, drenched and miserable; it was no easy matter to drag him up the bank, but he stood there at last on firm ground once more.

"I am obliged to you," he gasped, as soon as he recovered his breath; "that water was freezing the life out of me; though if it had, 'little, plain and bad-tempered,' I doubt if the world would have lost much."

I swung round sharply. "There, I was sure you heard me, Dr. Blake; it was not my idea at all; the landlady at the 'Stanley' had been describing you to us before we saw you; how could we know anything about you then? I have been sorry ever since for repeating it, but I hoped you didn't hear me."

"Very kind of the landlady," was all the professor's response, and we walked back in unbroken silence. At the door he suddenly asked me to come into his sitting-room that evening, and there in proof of forgiveness he brought out his collection of beetles for my special gratification, and I listened respectfully to his account of the rarity that seemed to be their chief recommendation, though an occasional wish would arise that they had been a little rarer still. The only advantage was that Miss Reed came and sat down beside me and listened, too, with profound interest; she seemed to understand and enter into his feelings about them, and the little man broke out into perfect eloquence, and talked till his small, withered face fairly glowed over his subject.

The atmosphere cleared up considerably after that; breezy to a certain degree it would always be in the professor's neighborhood, but there were stray bursts of sunshine with it, that there had not been heretofore, and he began to join our little expeditions, instead of trudging off by himself.

Tom and I laugh still at the remembrance of some of them; notably one, when he took us a long way round to find a sheltered stream that he said was good for ferns. Miss Reed was anxious to have some particular kind, consequently it was our chief aim to distinguish ourselves by collecting as many as possible. Unfortunately the professor's stream proved to be good for something else also, and we went back with one ragged fern, and a fine collection of young frogs in every known stage of development.

There were pleasant days, too, when he would talk to us about the common wayside things that we should have passed by as too insignificant for notice, making us feel that nothing on God's earth was low enough for that. His learning had not stranded him on the blank shores of skepticism, as it has too many great minds; and what he could not comprehend, he trusted, shrouded in reverent silence, to higher hands.

And here I must make one confession: Tom

and I had both fallen in love with Mary Reed. I learned "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" by heart in those days, and composed verses to her by the score; in that one gift lay my only chance, for Tom was far beyond me in all other respects, and never was he handsomer to look upon, or kindlier in his ways, than in those few weeks.

Whether it was the love of a lifetime with either of us I cannot tell; we did not doubt it then, but one can hardly speak surely of anything till one has come to the last chapter. We never mentioned her name, but we both knew that she filled the day for each, and that it was glad or otherwise as she willed. To do her justice, she made no shadow of difference between us, and there lay the sting of it; we were exactly on the same level in her eyes. How Tom felt about it I never knew, but I came nearer to hating him at that period than if he had been an utter stranger.

This state of things must have lasted about three weeks, and then one still, gray evening it chanced that Tom and I came back from our fishing together; there was a short cut through the pines near the house; naturally we always took it; as we loitered slowly down the narrow winding path, ankle-deep in last year's "needles," we came to a sudden stop. Just beneath us, leaning over the rough bridge across the stream, was Mary Reed, and beside her Dr. Blake; the faint western light fell full upon them, and left us shrouded in deep twilight. We heard no words and needed none; the little professor's transfigured face told its own story and hers. We turned away and went back as silently as we had come.

We were young; it would be but boyish fancy in the eyes of most wise people, and yet that hour, while we sat on the rocky fence, with the unheeded fish lying at our feet, was not the easiest we have had to bear.

"I never thought of the professor coming out like that," I said at last, with a miserable attempt at jocularity, "he's so old—so different to her."

"Nor I," responded Tom, heavily; "but he's a cleverer man than we shall ever be; it's of no use looking blue about it."

And so after a time we got down from our perch and went in.

There was no immediate call upon our fortitude and forbearance; Miss Reed sat working beside her mother's sofa, and looked up with a pleasant inquiry about our success. The professor was sorting dead butterflies under the lamp, and never looked up at all. We were not to be admitted into their confidence, that evening at any rate. Nor for many after-evenings; and as the days slipped by, we could almost have fancied that minute under the pines had been a mistake—almost, except for the light on the professor's face, and the increased tenderness he extended to all the living, creeping things that crossed his path.

We went out as usual, the four of us; for Tom and I were not too proud to skulk in their shadow, to listen to the professor, and under the spell of his eloquence we were fast beginning to regard our own superior stature and physique with a kind of scorn, seeing how entirely he was lifted above all consideration of such outward details.

The first of June: the summer had come at last, and on the morrow our little quartette was to break up, and two of us set our faces southward again.

There was one distant hill we had never climbed, and with one accord it was agreed to spend this last evening on the top. It was a longer walk than we had quite counted upon, and half-way up we halted to rest on the edge of an old disused stone-quarry. The sight of the rocky strata roused all the professor's enthusiasm; standing on a boulder, his little, worn, happy face turned to the setting sun, he was holding forth in no measured terms on the character and formation of the granite.

He broke off in the midst of it to watch a great brown bee that had tumbled into a tiny pool on a ledge of rock just below. We watched him with amused attention as he leaned over and stretched out the palm of his hand for it to cling to, and then—something gave way, and he was gone!

He was lying on a mossy slab when we went groping in; and Mary Reed knelt down with one great sob and took his head on her arm. It was a sorrowful little procession back in the darkening twilight: we carried him between us, hardly sure if the busy, active brain were not silenced forever. Clasped tightly between his fingers, as we laid him down in his own room, we saw the crushed, brown bee.

But he did not die; there was a week of anxious suspense, and then all danger was left behind. "There will always be a slight limp," the big surgeon who came down from Carlisle told us; "but at his age that is not of serious consequence."

"Of no consequence except to himself," Miss Reed amended, proudly.

"No," put in Tom; "if the professor lost every one of his limbs, he would be himself still, and above us all."

We went into his room to say good-bye a day or two after; our presence was not essential to his recovery, and there was no need for us to remain any longer.

"Good bye," he said, cheerfully, holding out a thin brown hand; "notwithstanding all our blunders and disasters, it has been a blessed time. Haven't you guessed, either of you, how much I have found here?"

"Yes," answered Tom, very gruffly, "we did guess, and nobody's gladder than I—we both are about it."

"Ah!" loftily remarked the professor, settling his head on another corner of his pillow, "you are

much too young to understand anything about such matters; in another ten years or so you will be better able to appreciate the difference that makes in a man's life."

"No doubt," was the grim response; "good-bye."

Only a passing acquaintance. We see the professor's name as lecturer occasionally in the morning papers, with half the letters of the alphabet attached; once or twice we have caught a glimpse of Mrs. Blake's fair face in the distance; but when Tom and I talk of our bygone adventures and mishaps, we keep silence always about that.

### THE USE AND ABUSE OF KNOWLEDGE.

"WHAT an excellent thing is knowledge!" said a sharp-looking, bustling little man to one who was much older than himself.

"Knowledge is an excellent thing," repeated he; "my boys know more at six and seven years old than I did at twelve. They can read all sorts of books, and talk on all sorts of subjects. The world is a great deal wiser than it used to be. Everybody knows something of everything now. Do you not think, sir, that knowledge is an excellent thing?"

"Why, sir," replied the old man, looking grave, "that depends entirely on the use to which it is applied. It may be a blessing or a curse. Knowledge is only an increase of power, and power may be a bad as well as a good thing."

"That is what I cannot understand," said the bustling little man. "How can power be a bad thing?"

"I will tell you," weekly replied the old man, and thus went on: "When the power of a horse is under restraint the animal is useful, bearing burdens, drawing loads and carrying his master; but when that power is unrestrained, the horse breaks his bridle, dashes the carriage that he draws to pieces, or throws his rider."

"I see! I see!" said the little man.

"When the water of a large pond is properly conducted by trenches, it renders the fields around fertile; but when it bursts through its banks, it sweeps everything before it, and destroys the produce of the field."

"I see! I see!" said the little man; "I see!"

"When a ship is steered aright, the sail that she hoists up enables her the sooner to get into port; but if steered wrong, the more sail she carries the further will she go out of her course."

"I see! I see!" said the little man; "I see clearly!" "Well, then," continued the old man, "if you see these things clearly, you can see, too, that knowledge, to be a good thing, must be rightly applied. There must be a love of things pure and just in the heart in order that the knowledge of the head may prove a blessing. Without this love, it may prove to us and to others a curse instead."

## WHAT OCTOBER BROUGHT US.

No. 3.

A GRAND treat awaits the traveler on this route when the cars run along the wild banks of the Emory River for fifteen glorious miles. The scenery is splendid. It gratifies the lover of the wild and majestic, and is to his great, round, admiring eyes picture after picture that he will carry home with him to brighten dull days, behind counter and desk, ever afterward. The plowman treading, monotonously, in the brown furrow, the school-teacher whose throbbing brain is wearied over plans and projects, the clergyman whose time is taxed until his store of vigor is exhausted, the journalist wearing out with the strain of toil that never pays, because never appreciated; all the tired workers need the recreation of a slow ride along the winding banks of the Emory River.

What a resting place this would be for the sportsman! Sublime gorges of living green open up into the mountains like vistas—like great aisles whose rugged walls are decorated with the grandest of nature's handiwork. Vines in festoons loop and interlace across the chasms and hang like dainty drapery caught up, here and there, by a gnarled root or an out-reaching branch, moist with the dewy breath from the dells, and ravines, and murmuring waterfalls below.

The volume of water in the river is increased by its union with the Little Emory, a babbling, prattling, promising child-stream, the offspring of the Big Emory.

Game is abundant. Bear, deer, rabbit, raccoon, duck, turkey, pheasant, wood-grouse, opossum, squirrels and quail abound in these woods—with the exception of bears, which are only seen occasionally. The streams produce good fishing; such fish as bass, pike, etc.

A story was told of a justice of the peace who lived in a meagre little hamlet not far from this fine river scenery. A couple came to him to be united in wedlock. He had not learned the formula. He turned through his arithmetic and account-book, and whirled hurriedly over the leaves of the almanac, caught his fluttering breath, and said, with a bold show of authority: "Get up; both o' ye!"

They rose and stood before the magnate.

"Clinch han's!" was the word of command.

And then the matrimonial splicing was done up with neatness and dispatch.

"Have 'er?"

"Yes."

"Have 'im?"

"Yes."

"Married; one dollar."

For miles our eyes feasted upon the scenery. It seemed that never had foot of man trod those

wilds nor hand of woman gathered a flower. Suddenly we came upon a picturesque road, a traveled, yellow road with little ruts like pencil marks at its sides, and it went winding here and there—now lost to sight—now lying like a ribbon scarf a-near the track of the iron horse; sometimes going down into the pebbly bed of a purling brooklet, then narrowing its bounds and creeping in among sweet-scented flags and bristling rushes, then stretching over rocks and shaping itself to fit the place—a most urbane and accommodating road, quite too ideal and poetical for those regions. If it were "out among them" the artists' quick perception would soon transfer it for the delectation of the masses, and everybody's walls would have a gleam of beauty—refreshing, delightful, and really and truthfully, real.

In a dreamy reverie there came to us, softly as the airy down of the thistle-bloom, the half-remembered song of a sweet soul who sang:

"Only a glimpse of mountain road  
That followed where a river flowed;  
Only a glimpse—then on we passed,  
Skirting the forest dim and vast.

"I closed my eyes. On rushed the train  
Into the dark, then out again,  
Starting the song-bird as it flew  
The wild ravines and gorges through.

"But heeding not the dangerous way  
O'erhung by sheer cliffs, rough and gray,  
I only saw, as in a dream,  
The road beside the mountain stream.

"No smoke curled upward in the air,  
No meadow lands stretched broad and fair;  
But towering peaks rose far and high,  
Piercing the clear, untroubled sky.

"Remembered; lovely mountain-road  
That followed where the river flowed!"

Chattanooga, a city of about thirteen thousand inhabitants, lies in the Tennessee Valley surrounded by mountains. It was a quiet little place of no note until the war; had, perhaps, not more than nine hundred souls; but it became historic in the annals of the rebellion.

Lookout Mountain is the point of attraction at Chattanooga. Its summit is reached by a winding carriage-road whose length is five or six miles. On an air line it is not more than three miles distant. Careful and competent drivers are to be found at the offices connected with the principal hotels. They are colored men; polite, obliging, and well informed on all matters pertaining to the general interest of the visitor to the old battle-grounds.

Our little party filled two carriages. We had the pleasure of riding with a dear old gentleman, eighty years of age, Col. Taylor, his wife and her most intimate friend and neighbor, a relative of

the late Thomas Lord, of Widow Hicks notoriety, of whose hiding-place during the honeymoon some mischievous wag parodied :

"Oh, where have ye gone, Thomas Lord, Thomas Lord?  
Oh, where have ye gone, charming Tommy?"

The other carriage contained a young couple on their bridal tour—not an exacting, selfish pair, forgetful of the claims of others—a lady from Pennsylvania who had lived in Chattanooga during the war so as to be near the headquarters of her husband, who was an officer, and our own traveling companion, Lily. The ride up the winding mountain-road was delightful. Col. Taylor had been on the governor's staff in the time of the rebellion, and this was his first visit to the South after Sherman's march down to the sea.

One of the grandest panoramas we ever beheld was that from the top of Lookout Mountain. It spread out like a great map. The scenery was magnificent. Five States meet the broad range of the eye: Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Kentucky and North Carolina.

As we sat alone we were very sad. The bridal pair went to look at that lovely sheet of water, known as Lulu Lake, on the summit of the mountain; the old colonel strolled off to strike the trail up the wild side of the mountain, whence, stealthy as panthers, came up behind the enemy the bold Gen. Hooker, surprising them out of their senses; the two elderly ladies seated themselves on the outermost rock which juts above the tops of the tallest oaks below, and surveyed the scene, while the Titusville lady and Lily were gathering ferns and October-tinted leaves, and penciling hurried sketches of some of the finest points in the varied landscape. We looked away into the dim distance and could see Blue Ridge, and Bald Peak, and the smoky ranges of the old North State, the shadow of whose Kings Mountain is sacred for all time. From thence went forth the first whisper for independence which at last broke out aloud around the British throne. All praise be to the old State to whom is honor due.

The delightful region of northern Alabama, famed for its fertile lands, rich in minerals, romantic views—the cherished, native State of many whom we hold dear—lay in the hazy distance like the blue waters of a lake. Alabama, the soft name which could not be harshly spoken, means, "here we rest." And Georgia, the cotton country—the country of broad levels open to the sun, where the ungainly, ragged bushes stand in long rows bearing the clothing of a nation on their backs. Georgia with its languorous sky, its soft heat, and dreamy air, and its beautiful twilight that linger so long.

"Deep purple shadows drape the hills  
That melt in distance far away."

And among the hills was a home, stricken during the rebellion, and doubly smitten and desolated since, and as we sat there, our spirit's arms out-reached toward those who wept and refused to be comforted.

"Ah, but the life they gave  
Is not shut in the grave!"

Kentucky—land of hospitality. Tennessee—no wonder the old father of a rosy little maiden conceived the idea of naming her Tennessee, for it is indeed a beautiful conception—soft, flowing, liquid—caused by the vowels so thickly strung upon the silken thread.

Point Lookout is familiar to all people who know anything of this mountain, for here it was that Gen. Hooker led his men to that "Battle above the Clouds" which will always live in the history of the great conflict. A vaporous cloud hung low down the mountain's side and cut it off from view showing only the peak, which seemed to lie up against the sky during the battle. It was a strange sight, and furnished a fine point to correspondents of daily newspapers, to raving poets and to reporters in want of themes. Looking to the north, lies the town of Chattanooga, spread out in the valley like children's play-houses—the dense smoke of the iron mills and machine-shops rises up and floats off toward the opposite hill; the blue sky is flecked, here and there, by fleecy, white clouds of vapor; high in the air, but still below our lofty perch, sail great vultures on the wing; for leagues and leagues away the waters of the beautiful Tennessee glisten in the sun, while down below, at our feet, although half a mile away, a negro is working with a mule. Both man and mule look like the toys in a shop window.

A buzzing sound, like the droning hum of the bumblebee, and looking toward Alabama we see a thin puff of vaporous smoke—the train from Memphis, and such a train! Like a row of cigar-boxes towed by another box, crawling along smoothly and easily—now hidden by a deep cut, then they emerge and the smoke of the miniature locomotive lays back over the train, like the tail of a gray squirrel over its back, and on they go to Chattanooga.

From Lookout the red ridge is Moccasin Point, an exact imitation of a huge moccasin—heel, and toe, and instep—while the fringe of willows about its edges—it is an island engirt by the broad waters of the Tennessee—makes one think of the fur trimming about a warm winter overshoe. The similitude does not generally strike one's vision immediately at first sight, for the moccasin is such a huge one.

Interested readers must ask old soldiers about the batteries on Moccasin Point, and the corres-

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ponding artillery on the crest of Lookout Mountain, when the Confederates were entrenched there; how they poured their fire down upon them so harmlessly that the Yankee, making coffee, went on scalding his pot and rinsing it out as deliberately as did his mother at home, with never a care to worry or try her equanimity. If he was whistling, he whistled on; if he was writing a letter in reply to some silly girl he never saw, he wrote on, for the danger was not to be feared.

According to scientific and philosophical principles artillery could not be loaded and fired right down that steep mountain side to do effective work, and this was why the boys in blue were not afraid.

The Tennessee River Valley forms a great basin lying about Lookout, in which are Chattanooga and the lowlands of Chickamauga. This great basin is very rich in sedimentary deposit of alluvium and the mineral debris of the surrounding wall of conglomerate mountains. It was evidently once the bed of a vastly larger river than the Tennessee is at present, through which the waters surged with a mighty current, leaving their mark high up on the face of the soft rock which now overlooks the fertile valley of the Tennessee.

Rifle-pits and trenches show visibly yet on the top of Lookout Mountain. A fine growth of young trees has sprung up since the devastation of shot, and shell, and cannon-ball that left the summit splintered and bare. Our old Col. Taylor could hardly believe that seventeen years could have so changed the place, and that nature would have obliterated the scars, and spread over the desolation so much of wholesome beauty, and the graces of shrub, and flower, and moss, and fern, the most delicate pencilings of her artistic hand.

A photographic gallery, with one solitary, smiling young man in charge, is perched upon a jutting point of rock, like a swallow's rude little nest inside of a chimney. A hotel, conducted by the wide-awake, thrifty widow of Col. Whiteside; the little village resort of Summerfield; Lulu Lake; a run-down educational institute; a row of cottages; fine drives; the remains of the fort, hospital, barracks, trenches, rifle-pits, cemetery, breast-works and a few scarred old trees, are all objects of interest to the visitor to this sublime and historic ground, two thousand feet above the placid waters that lave its magnificent base—grand old Lookout Mountain.

We could hardly leave it. We were shaken with emotions that had no utterance. The great map below us and the surrounding mountains, had held so much of weal or woe for thousands of brave men. While it had held for one poor fellow an unmarked grave into which his mangled form had been hurriedly hidden out of sight, for others it had contained wealth, a life of future ease, a name and a fame world-wide, and all the

honors and emoluments that the most ambitious could crave.

In the dim distance were views that will be photographed on thousands of memories for years to come. Old soldiers will close their eyes and see Raccoon Range and Mission Ridge with its fearful remembrances, and the picturesque peak of Pigeon Mountain; and away to the south, twelve miles distant, they will see the dark and bloody grounds of Chickamauga, a name that wakens the keenest anguish in the hearts of the bereaved and the silently sorrowing; the round knoll of Orchard Knob, every inch of which is historic; the winding Tennessee, not as it is now, calm and scarcely rippling, but spanned by pontoons, and plowed into liquid furrows by the prows of gliding steamers.

It was a grand view from the point of Lookout Mountain on that October day. It did our soul good, when from out its secret depths came to us a half-forgotten poem, penned by some one, we know not who—written surely when the mood of the delightful October-time steeped her sweet poetic spirit in its blissful exaltation:

"The year grows splendid! on the mountain steep  
Now lingers long the warm and gorgeous light,  
Dying by slow degrees into the deep,  
Delicious night.

"The final triumph of the perfect year,  
Rises the woods magnificent array;  
Beyond, the purple mountain heights appear,  
And slope away.

"The elm, with musical slow motion, laves  
His long lithe branches in the tender air,  
While from his top the gay Sordello waves  
Her scarlet hair.

"Where spring first hid her violets 'neath the fern,  
Where summer's fingers oped fold after fold,  
The odorous wild red rose's heart now burn  
The leaves of gold.

"The loftiest hill, the lowliest flowering herb,  
The fairest fruit of season and of clime,  
All wear alike the mood of the superb  
Autumnal time.

"But where the painted leaves are falling fast—  
Among the vales beyond the farthest hill,  
There sits a shadow, dim, and sad, and vast,  
And lingers still.

"And still we hear a voice among the hills,  
A voice that mourns among the haunted woods,  
And with the mystery of its sorrow fills  
The solitudes!

PIPSEY POTTS.

THE great truth that needs to be taught to every child, impressed upon every youth and established in every mind, is that the basis of all happiness is loyalty to truth and right.

## THE THIEF AND HIS BENEFACTOR.

"CIRCUMSTANCES made me what I am," said a condemned criminal to a benevolent man, who visited him in prison. "I was driven by necessity to steal."

"Not so," replied the keeper, who was standing by. "Rather say, that your own character made the circumstances by which you were surrounded. God never places upon any creature the necessity of breaking His commandments. You stole, because, in heart, you were a thief."

The benevolent man reproved the keeper for what he called harsh words. He believed that, alone, by the force of external circumstances, men were made criminals. That, if society were differently arranged, there would be little or no crime in the world. And so he made interest for the criminal, and, in the end, secured his release from prison. Nor did his benevolence stop here. He took the man into his service and intrusted to him his money and his goods.

"I will remove from him all temptation to steal," said he, "by a liberal supply of his wants."

"Have you a wife?" he asked of the man, when he took him from prison.

"No," was replied.

"Nor any one but yourself to support?"

"I am alone in the world."

You have received a good education; and can serve me as a clerk. I, therefore, take you into my employment, at a fair salary. Will five hundred dollars be enough?"

"It will be an abundance," said the man, with evident surprise at an offer so unexpectedly liberal.

"Very well. That will place you above temptation."

"And I will be innocent and happy. You are my benefactor. You have saved me."

"I believe it," said the man of benevolence.

And so he intrusted his goods and his money to the man he had reformed by placing him in new and more favorable circumstances.

But, it is in the heart of man that evil lies; and from the heart's impulses spring all our actions. That must cease to be a bitter fountain before it can send forth sweet water. The thief was a thief still. Not a month elapsed ere he was devising the means to enable him to get from his kind, but mistaken friend, more than the liberal sum for which he had agreed to serve him. He coveted his neighbor's goods whenever his eyes fell upon them; and restlessly sought to acquire their possession. In order to make more sure the attainment of his ends, he affected sentiments of morality, and even went so far as to cover his purposes by a show of religion. And thus he was able to deceive and rob his kind friend.

Time went on, and the thief, apparently re-

formed by a change of relation to society, continued in his post of responsibility. How it was, the benefactor could not make out, but his affairs gradually became less prosperous. He made investigations into his business, but was unable to find anything wrong.

"Are you aware that your clerk is a purchaser of property to a considerable extent?" said a mercantile friend to him one day.

"My clerk! It cannot be. His income is only five hundred dollars a year."

"He bought a piece of property for five thousand last week."

"Impossible!"

"I know it to be true. Are you aware that he was once a convict in the State's prison?"

"Oh, yes. I took him from prison myself, and gave him a chance for his life. I do not believe in hunting men down for a single crime, the result of circumstances rather than a bad heart."

"A truly honest man, let me tell you," replied the merchant, "will be honest in any and all circumstances. And a rogue will be a rogue, place him where you will. The evil is radical, and must be cured radically. Your reformed thief has robbed you, without doubt."

"I have reason to fear that he has been most ungrateful," replied the kind-hearted man, who, with the harmlessness of the dove, did not unite the wisdom of the serpent.

And so it proved. His clerk had robbed him of over twenty thousand dollars in less than five years, and so sapped the foundations of his prosperity, that he recovered with great difficulty.

"You told me, when in prison," said the wronged merchant to his clerk, "that circumstances made you what you were. This you cannot say now."

"I can," was the reply. "Circumstances made me poor, and I desired to be rich. The means of attaining wealth were placed in my hands, and I used them. Is it strange that I should have done so? It is this social inequality that makes crime. Your own doctrine, and I subscribe to it fully."

"Ungrateful wretch!" said the merchant, indignantly, "it is the evil of your own heart that prompts to crime. You would be a thief and a robber, if you possessed millions."

And he again handed him over to the law, and let the prison walls protect society from his depredations.

No, it is not true that in external circumstances lie the origins of evil. God tempts no man by these. In the very extremes of poverty we see examples of honesty; and among the wealthiest, find those who covet their neighbor's goods, and gain dishonest possession thereof. Reformers must seek to elevate the personal character, if

they would regenerate society. To accomplish the desired good by a different external arrangement, is hopeless; for in the heart of man lies the evil—there is the fountain from which flows forth the bitter and corroding waters of crime.

### NELLIE'S MISDEEDS.

SHE was a winsome lassie, small and dainty, with eyes so blue that you might have thought a piece of the sky had fallen into them; her hair had the gold of the king-cups; her lips were just the daintiest rose-leaves in all the world.

At present she was doing a most remarkably foolish thing—nothing less than making love to the old brindle cow. One small hand was laid caressingly on the cow's great head; her eyes were cast demurely down.

"Yes," she said, softly, "I have always loved you. But, Harry, dear, I couldn't possibly marry you so soon. Why, I won't be seventeen until next week; and auntie says that I am not out of my babyhood yet. Now, my Harry, don't be angry; I truly will be your wife some day." And lifting her small head she imprinted a kiss right on the cow's brown nose.

The cow looked at Nellie rather suspiciously, as if she didn't know what to make of it.

"Good-bye, Harry," she cried, "I must go to auntie now; I will meet you at eight o'clock to-night, under the old oak-tree."

And, turning to go, Nellie started, for there, looking at her in surprise, and evidently overhearing all her foolish talk, was a young man; his brown eyes were regarding her rather quizzically.

"Really," he said, lifting his hat, "I beg your pardon for accidentally overhearing a confidential conversation." And from the trembling of his lips under the brown mustache, one could see that he was scarcely able to refrain from indulging in a hearty laugh. "Could you direct me to Squire Arden's?"

Poor Nellie's cheeks were crimson; but lifting her head defiantly, she answered: "That is my home; if you will come with me, I will show you the way."

When evening came, Nellie determined to carry her troubles to her uncle. There he sat in his great arm chair on the piazza, in the shadow of the fragrant honeysuckle. It was quite dark, but Nellie could see where he sat, his brown shadow showing quite plainly against the green leaves.

So Nellie perched herself on one of the broad arms of the chair, and placing one dimpled arm softly around his neck, began to tell him all. There was a slight movement as her arm found a resting-place; but Nellie never minded that, of course.

"Uncle John," she said, "please do something for me?"

Now Nellie was an affectionate little maid, particularly so when she wished to ask a favor; so as usual she ended her request with a kiss. There was no answer, so Nellie continued: "Send him away; I don't like him one bit; he is a mean old busy-body; I know that he thinks I am a goose. If you don't send him a-way, I will lead him such a dance. I will take him out walking and I will lead him into the muddiest places I can find. I will—"

"Really, Miss Arden, I think that you have made a slight mistake."

Nellie did not stop to hear more; and Harry Ainslee did not see her again for three or four days.

Six weeks went by; and they seemed to be tolerably good friends; but still Nellie was shy, and often when she saw him coming would quickly vanish. And now Mr. Ainslee was going away to South America, and Nellie—well she was a little more quiet than usual, that was all. But the night before Mr. Ainslee was going to leave, Nellie wandered out into the orchard in search of Tiger, the big Newfoundland dog, who was now her only confidante; for she could never mistake Tiger for anybody else, she said.

There he was, under the sweet apple-tree; and Nellie, throwing herself on the ground beside him, buried her face in the soft grass and cried bitterly.

"O Tiger!" she sobbed, "he is going away, and I love him; I tried not to; I wanted to hate him forever and ever; but the love would come, and Tiger, if he goes away I shall die; and he hates me, I know he does; don't you pity me, Tiger?"

And moving, Nellie laid her small head on what she supposed to be Tiger's rough, shaggy hair.

"Why, Tiger!" she cried, "whose coat have you got there?"

But the moon just then appeared overhead; and—well it wasn't Tiger at all; and Harry Ainslee did not go to South America; and the next spring there was a quiet little wedding in the old stone church; and two somebodies thought the world and all it contained, was created especially for their benefit.

And Tiger—well it was really Tiger's doings after all, and so he was petted accordingly.

HAMILTON.

It costs but little to make a child glad—it costs but little to secure the grateful remembrance of a child; but, if it cost a hundredfold more than it does, it would be a profitable investment. It pays well to have a monument erected to ourselves in a child's memory and affections. And this we may have by a little thoughtfulness and attention.

## DAY NURSERIES FOR POOR CHILDREN.

THE following article, from a London magazine, *The Quiver*, in which some account is given of the Day Nurseries now being established in England, will suggest a similarly organized charity for our own country, where, in our larger and smaller cities and towns, it is greatly needed. The leading idea of these nurseries is the establishment of a home where the helpless children of the poor can be provided with shelter, food and care while their mothers are at work; where the babies can be washed, fed, educated or amused during the day, and be restored to their parents when the day's toil is over:—

Every one who has had anything whatever to do with babies, has a tolerably clear idea of what is meant by "Baby Worship." A large proportion of the best and truest women in the world act as though they believed it to be a matter of course that the particular baby with whom they are connected should be an object of worship. They bow down themselves before the little autocrat who reigns in their homes, and they expect every one who approaches him to do the same.

Have these large-hearted mothers ever thought of the little ones less fortunate than their own who have to dispense with this tender mother-care? The question is a foolish one, for certainly the neglected babies are thought of. Love purifies and enlarges the heart into which it enters, and it is impossible that a good mother should clasp her baby to her bosom, thanking God that he is beautiful and good, and that she is able to supply his every need, and that she should not now and then breathe a sigh for babies who need but do not receive. Pity and sighs, however, are of little use unless they pass into action. It is in the hope that mothers who preside over happy nurseries may be induced to act and stretch out a helping hand to little ones now uncared for, that I am writing these lines now.

It is surely worth our while to inquire what is the fate of the baby, or rather of the thousands of babies whose mothers are compelled by necessity to leave their homes and work for a living. How is it with the little ones who live in the back slums of our large cities, where families are crowded by the score into one house, the young are exposed to every bad influence, health is sapped by foul air and unventilated rooms, while, to add to all other troubles, the mother is obliged to be absent? Unfortunately, in too many cases, there is no doubt about their fate, and it is a sad one. Of course, something must be done with the babies who are left without a mother's care. Sometimes they are locked up alone in the miserable homes, with just as much food as will keep them alive; sometimes they are left in the care of an elder sister, who is herself little more than a baby, and who, though

wonderfully clever and cute for her age, as poor children frequently are, is physically unfitted for the task devolving upon her. More frequently still, they are given into the charge of one of those women who make a living by taking care of babies for hire while their mothers are away. The evils associated with this latter method are too well known to need description here. The babies are too often drugged and soothed in order to prevent their giving trouble, until their health is completely ruined, and their feeble hold of life is loosened.

Most terrible revelations have been recently made as to the treatment of children in private nurseries. It was proved not long ago that in a large number of these establishments "the vilest spirits were systematically administered to children and infants, so as to keep them in a constant stupor, while one of the children more precocious than the rest was placed in charge of a detachment of infants, and instructed to give the stated dose at certain hours, and enforce obedience in case of refusal."

A large proportion of children brought up in this way die. The infantile mortality which prevails in large towns is enormous. In London, over forty per cent. of the children die under four years of age. In New York the rate is still higher, and fifty per cent. at least are annually carried off, while the death-rates of infants under the age of one year in our large cities is, on the average, three hundred and twenty-five out of every one thousand.

Those children of the very poor who do live, drag on a feeble, miserable existence. They grow up in dirt, and squalor, and wretchedness, and the immorality which grows out of such conditions, and develop into men and women who constitute what we call our dangerous classes.

The late Canon Kingsley once said that to see a baby die was one of the saddest sights of earth. A sadder sight even than this, however, is found in watching life, which is capable of all noble development, continued in physical and moral degradation. Can the mothers of England do nothing to prevent this state of things? Will they not allow wretched, poverty-stricken little ones to share the tenderness which is showered so freely upon their own babies? We believe that numbers of them would gladly do so if they were convinced that such work was possible for them. We also believe that much of the evil complained of might be arrested at its very source, if a most excellent plan, which has already accomplished great things on the continent, could be extensively carried out in England. In other words, we believe that lives might be saved and evil might be checked, if *crèches* or day nurseries could be extensively established in the large towns of England. Comparatively few people understand what a



*crèche* or day nursery is. It will therefore be worth while to give a short account of these valuable institutions.

Public nurseries have for many years been established in different places on the continent. They have perhaps been carried on more successfully in Belgium than anywhere else, but they have also found their way into France (where, in fact, the idea originated), Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal and America. It is more than probable that they will not be confined to Europe and America, for a model *crèche* was established at the Paris exhibition of 1878, and the Japanese delegates were so much delighted with it that they visited several of the Parisian *crèches*, and had a special model constructed to take home with them.

Public nurseries were not introduced into England successfully till Mrs. Hilton's *Crèche* was established in 1871, and since then various institutions of the kind have been opened in different parts of our country. The leading idea in Mrs. Hilton's nursery was the establishment of a home where the helpless children of the very poor could be provided with daily shelter whilst their mothers were at work. It was felt that there was need for a place where these babies could be washed, fed, educated or amused during the day, then restored to their parents when the day's toil was over.

Mrs. Hilton's *Crèche*, which is usually and justly regarded as a model of its kind, is situated at No. 16 Stepney Causeway, Ratcliffe Highway. In the first instance it was commenced on a small scale, but its operations have been extended, and poor mothers have availed themselves of its advantages so largely, that the attendance last year reached the number of thirty thousand six hundred and ninety-seven, when over one hundred thousand meals were prepared.

The children are not admitted to the nursery indiscriminately. Application for admission has to be made beforehand, and a strict investigation is made as to the circumstances and necessities of the mother and the health of the child. It is obvious that it would be most dangerous to introduce a baby suffering from any of the infectious diseases to which children are so liable into an assembly of little ones. Since the nursery was opened, it has occasionally happened that a contagious disease has broken out amongst the children, and then it has been necessary to close the place entirely for a time for disinfecting and cleansing purposes. It is absolutely indispensable, therefore, that a medical man should be in daily attendance, in order that he may examine the children from a health point of view, and pronounce an opinion as to their freedom from skin or other diseases. Ophthalmia, that distressing disease which so persistently attacks those who have to exist on poor food, is the great enemy in these cases; and as the disease is exceedingly in-

fectious, it has to be very carefully watched and guarded against.

The child, when admitted to the nursery, is taken every morning to the lavatory. The clothes are removed, and he is well washed, then redressed in clothes belonging to the institution. His own clothing is put into a bag, to which a number is attached, and hung in an airy situation, and so rendered pure and sweet, till it is time for the little one to return home, when he is redressed in his own garments, and delivered to his mother.

After the bath the child is taken into the *crèche* proper, where he is fed, tended, amused and looked after until the evening. Cots are provided for the infants, a large portion of whose time is spent in healthful sleep.

A very interesting and affecting fact connected with these cots is that a few of them are endowed by ladies in remembrance of little children who have been removed by death from their mother's arms. Surely there can be no more certain method of gaining comfort in sorrow, and making the memory of a loved one blessed, than by providing for the wants of the helpless, and associating the name of a darling child with an act of charity and grace.

According to Mrs. Hilton's estimate, fifteen pounds per annum (combined with the pence of the mother) would provide for one child in the home, ten pounds in the infirmary and six pounds in the *crèche*.

Infants are placed in the infant nursery from one month to three years of age. They have three meals a day, the food given consisting, for the most part, of wheaten flour and rice, with beef-tea twice a week. Children of three years of age are placed in the lower nursery, where they may remain until they are five years old. These older children have four meat meals per week.

The work of the nursery is carried on by paid assistants. The staff of helpers consists of a matron, teacher, trained nurse, three head nurses, ten nurse-maids, cook, laundry-woman and helpers, a house-porter and sick visitor, whose time is devoted to visitation from house to house. In the Babies' Nursery there are forty cots for forty babies, who are looked after by a head nurse and three under nurses. One part of the *crèche* is used as an infirmary, where children who are ill, but not with an infectious disease, can be nursed and cared for. This department is under the charge of a trained nurse fully competent to perform her task.

Connected with the nursery is a home, where a limited number of children are taken and brought up entirely. Here at the present time there are thirty-eight children. Ten of these are being trained for nurse-maids, and will, it is intended, ultimately take a place on the working staff.

Those who are too young to be trained are sent to the school connected with the institution. Some of these children are sent by their friends to the home, and a certain sum is paid toward their maintenance.

So much for Mrs. Hilton's *Crèche*. All will acknowledge that it is a most valuable institution; and there is every reason to believe that the work done by those connected with it is highly appreciated by the mothers, and that numbers of children are benefited.

A limited number of Day Nurseries have been established in different parts of the country, but these are not nearly sufficient for the wants of the community. When they are set afoot they are thoroughly appreciated. Poor women will come long distances in order that they may take up their abode near a nursery. Children nursed in them have grown up strong and healthy who were formerly weakly and ailing. It is impossible to estimate the good that has been done, and is now being continued, by the establishment of these valuable institutions.

It is very greatly to be desired that these institutions should be multiplied throughout the length and breadth of the land. I have described Mrs. Hilton's *Crèche* particularly in the hope of inciting others to copy her example. There are few large towns in which such an institution could not be established. All that is wanted is good organization, persevering voluntary work on the part of a committee (preferably of ladies, for it is work specially fitted for them), and a reliable subscription fund, which in most places could be readily obtained.

If the object of these few lines needs further warrant, I would add it in the words of the Old Book: "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these, ye did it unto me!"

#### A PATIENT HEARER.

THE following anecdote is related as having actually occurred not many months ago in a large, northern, seaport city in England.

It was a Sunday, and it was raining as it never does rain but in the vicinity of mercantile shipping on the first day of the week. The docks boasted a little church or Bethel, which hoisted the Union jack every Sunday morning, in token that service would be held there, chiefly for sailors. The clergyman who officiated weekly at the Bethel happened to be rather later than usual on the Sunday morning in question, owing to the difficulty he had in getting a cab, the rain having caused those vehicles to be in great demand. He arrived, however, a few minutes before eleven, and hurriedly bidding the driver wait for him till service should be over, he entered the sacred edifice—to find himself alone there. Possibly,

sea-faring people are not more prone to church-going in wet weather than their fellow-sinners who live ashore; anyhow, every seat was vacant. The clergyman was a zealous man, so he resolved to wait a quarter of an hour, on the chance of some waif or stray turning up. His patience was not unrewarded; for after the lapse of a few minutes, one very wet man came slowly in, and seated himself with some hesitation on one of the back benches. Even he, probably, had only put into that haven under stress of bad weather outside, all the public houses and other congenial places of shelter being closed. Now, our parson was not only a zealous, but a conscientious man—not always the same thing—and he resolved that had he but one solitary unit instead of a congregation, he would pursue the service in full to the bitter end for that unit's benefit—at least, as long as the unit would bear it—and he proceeded to do so, and accomplished it. At the end of the liturgy, touched, probably, by the patient endurance of his auditor, he condescended to address him personally, telling him that since the inclemency of the weather—we are not in receipt of information on the point, but we feel sure he said inclemency—had prevented the usual attendance at the church, he would forego the sermon he had prepared, and would content himself with making a "few remarks." This, however, his hearer begged him not to do, and expressed a great desire to hear the sermon; so, pleased with this evidence of intelligence among the lower orders, and gratified by the effect his eloquence was producing, he took the victim at his word, and let him have it. The text duly chosen, blossomed into firstly, secondly, thirdly, fourthly and lastly; in "conclusion" was followed by "one word more," and still the unit sat on undismayed. After it was all over, the preacher came down and shook hands with him, thanking him warmly for his attention; his gratification being somewhat diminished when he discovered the enraptured listener to be his *cabman*, the sum-total of whose "half a crown an hour for waiting" had been materially augmented by the length of the worthy divine's discourse.

IMPRESSIONS.—There is a wide-spread idea that there is nothing to be done with our impressions except passively to experience them; that they involve no further duty and carry with them no special responsibility. Never was there a greater mistake. They are, on the contrary, the germs of all noble life and virtuous endeavor, given to us to nourish and develop. If we neglect to do this, and sit contentedly enjoying the pleasure or enduring the pain they bring, without realizing their meaning or vitalizing them by the wholesome air of active endeavor, we do ourselves and the world a great injustice.

## Religious Reading.

### THE LAW OF GROWTH.

THERE is one great and comprehensive truth that underlies all the practical teaching of the New Testament, which is, that *we are not our own*. So opposed to all selfishness is the spirit of Christianity, that it denies to us the right of claiming as our own anything that we have or are. We have no right to do as we like with our lives, our talents or our worldly possessions. They are given to us in order that they may be of use; and that, in the orderly use of them, we may further our own development and well-being, and find our true happiness.

We can use or waste our talents according to our own good pleasure. Yet, in regard to them, we are as stewards who are accountable to the Giver. We can defeat the purpose for which He gave them, but we cannot escape the reckoning. The purpose for which our talents are entrusted to us is, that *we may be made mediums of blessing to others*. And the good Lord has so ordered, that *our endeavors to be of use to others react upon ourselves*.

The Lord is a true economist in all His works. He so orders everything that it shall subserve many purposes. The soul that does good to others, grows in goodness. He that is a medium of blessing to others, is himself blessed thereby. Hence selfishness is folly as well as sin; for while it prevents our doing good to others, in the same degree it prevents our doing good to ourselves.

In regard to spiritual gifts, the more we communicate, the more we shall receive. *The law of increase is the law of use*. The Saviour teaches this great law in the words: "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down and shaken together and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again." Luke vi, 38. This Divine law rules in regard to spiritual things, both on earth and in Heaven. We must minister because we have received; and we must minister that we may receive more abundantly. In ministering to others, we enter into the true order of our life. Our life comes from God, who is the universal Giver. It must therefore impel us to give. It must prompt us to words of help and deeds of use. If we are not conscious of this impulse, it is because our life, although received from God, has become perverted in our reception of it. The more it retains of the character of its Divine original, the more must it impel us to act in a God-like way, and give. The Saviour's greatness and oneness with God was shown in this, among many other things, that He came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister." He was the greatest of all, because He was the servant of all. In seeking to resemble Him, we enter into harmony with the Divine purpose, which is, that *all may be blessed, and that they may realize their own blessedness in seeking to bless each other*.

We must, however, communicate to others for their sakes, and not merely to serve our own ends. While it is true that they who give are enriched,

that they who teach learn, that they who help grow strong, and that they who bless are blessed; yet if in giving we only think of our prospective gain, if in blessing we only think of the richer blessing we shall receive, the apparently unselfish act is really a deed of the most refined and intense selfishness. The selfish motive vitiates the efficacy of the seemingly unselfish act. By the universal law of reaction, that very act only tends to confirm our own selfishness. The love of use, that is, the desire to do good to others, and not the love of self, or the desire to benefit ourselves, should be the leading motive in all we do. If tried by such a test, how many who are engaged in worldly uses would be found wanting! Raging desires to gain riches, ease, indulgence, honor, authority, burn in the hearts of multitudes. That *the master purpose of a true man's life is to be useful to others*, is the last thought that comes to many persons, or the last that is entertained and cherished by them. There is no duty so mean, that it would not be ennobled by this motive. There is no function so dignified, that it would not receive from this motive fresh dignity and lustre. All that God does is for His creatures, and not for Himself. They most fully enter into the joy of their Lord who most fully resemble Him in this Divine attribute of disinterested beneficence.

*Love, wisdom and use* are the elements of angelic life. In Heaven, where the laws of Divine order are perfectly obeyed, love and wisdom received continually from the Lord, are ultimated or find their embodiment in use. We may know but little of what are the employments of angels; but of this we may be sure—that, for those of His creatures whom God fills with love, He provides others that may be loved; and for those whom He endows with superior wisdom, He provides others that may be taught. Wisdom is infinite only in God. In all created intelligences, wisdom can exist only in a relative degree, as more or less. That the Lord should make the wiser angels mediums of instruction to the less wise, does not lower our conception of the felicity and perfectness of Heaven. Surely it may be thought that new-coming spirits, fresh from earth, must need and may profit from the loving instruction of their elder brethren of the skies. The felicity of Heaven, it may well be believed, does not consist merely in the reception of "the manifold grace of God" by each angel for himself; but also in "ministering the same one to another, as good stewards" thereof.

One thing our experience may teach us: whenever we are actively engaged in the uses of charity, from the love of doing good, we are most richly and consciously blessed. The reason is, that we are thereby brought into association with those angels of the Lord's kingdom who are in the love of similar uses; and those angels are made to us mediums of blessings from the Lord by imparting to us their affections and delights.

Thus by the law of spiritual affinity, which draws together those who are animated by similar affections, the angels, though unseen, associate with us and fit us for the higher uses of the eternal world. In this way they are "ministering spirits,

sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation."

There is no good thing we have received from the Lord which we should not endeavor to impart unto others, that it may minister to their growth and happiness also. No gift is bestowed for ourselves alone, "that we may consume it upon our lusts." Others are to be made better, or wiser, or happier, because of every gift we have received. Indeed, receiving involves the duty of imparting unto others, so that all may be blessed. The strong must help the weak; the wise must teach the ignorant; the well-off must assist the needy; those who have the light of truth must not hide it under a bushel; those that have received the grace of God, must minister unto others as stewards; and those that are blessed with the love of God shed abroad in their hearts, must love the brethren and abound in deeds of love. So shall they grow up into the image and fulfill the purpose of the all-loving Father; and so shall they be prepared to join the general assembly of the church of the first-born whose names are written in Heaven—the innumerable company of angels and the spirits of just men made perfect.

### THY WILL BE DONE.

IT is said that the four hardest words in the world to utter are these four—"Thy will be done." If they are uttered in the full and entire submission of the human to the Divine will, it may, indeed, be true. For even when we think that we desire to be guided and led by the Divine will, we are still anxious that the guidance should lead us in ways of our own choosing; and when we are not so led, we murmur and complain, folding our hands too often in despair, and frequently refusing to see any way, because, being unable to understand, we are afraid that we cannot trust and have the perfect faith which would enable us to believe, to know, that although God's ways are

not as our ways, they are still the right and true ones, those that will lead unto the "still waters" and the "green pastures" beside which we shall find peace.

We are all of us where the Father sees it is best for us to be. We are nowhere promised that the way shall be made smooth unto our feet as we journey; that would be impossible, for the material life should be made subordinate to the spiritual; this alone would give conflict. We have to be made perfect through suffering. We shall be led without fail, if we will but trust to the leading; we may, probably will not, be able to see the Divine plan, to read the Divine meaning, to see the thread that leads us, but the other end is in the Father's hand, and will lead us at last unerringly to Him.

Sorrow, and pain, and trials are inevitable; but "Every fresh sorrow opens new depths in our hearts, which must be filled with fresh springs of the living water, or else become empty and waste, as if every new revelation of life needs to be met by a new revelation of God." And every new revelation of God must make us better, purer, stronger, must draw us higher and nearer to the Divine heart and the Divine life.

If we can only learn to say with all our hearts, with all our strength, with all our might, not my will, O Father, but Thine be done, we shall see the light of His love shining through and illuminating all possible darkness; we shall feel the strength of His restfulness around our perpetual unrest; we shall know, no matter how crooked or tangled our pathway seems, that He will guide and care for us always, "even to the end of the world."

If we can overcome our love of self and love of the world, cease to do evil and love to do good, we shall eventually cease to desire to do evil, and will do good spontaneously, as it were; the Lord's voice will always be in our hearts, and He will be able to fill the temples of our lives with His love and His glory. F.

## Mother's Department.

### HOW TO WASH AND DRESS THE BABY.

PERHAPS some one who reads the title of this paper may be inclined to inquire, "Why do you write *the baby*, as if there were but one baby instead of millions in the world?"

Ah! every mother knows why; and every loving-hearted young nurse knows why. "My baby," says the young mother, "is *the baby* of all the world." And "our baby" is the same to the members of the household, if they are of the right sort.

Knowing, as I do, how many mothers come to these pages for information on all sorts of domestic subjects, I am most anxious to be of use to them. I feel especial sympathy for those who, until they became mothers, never had anything to do with the practical management of little children. Members of large families pick up their experience quite naturally amongst the little brothers and sisters, and the children of the elder ones furnish in turn a baby-school for girl aunts. But

where a girl is placed as I was (the latest born and only survivor of a small family, whose only opportunity of nursing was with a borrowed baby, if there happened to be one in a neighbor's house) she is not likely to be very skillful in the management of a first arrival, at any rate, when she becomes a wife and mother.

Shall I ever forget my own awkwardness under such circumstances; my utter ignorance of the thousand little ways of making a baby comfortable; my yearning love toward the pink-faced girlie, and matronly pride in the possession of this living treasure, which an empire's wealth would not have sufficed to purchase?

Mingled with such thoughts was a lamentable sense of my own insufficiency and inability to discharge fitly the sacred trust which the possession of the helpless babe entailed upon me. And, as I lay in weakness, and saw skillful hands occupied about my little one and knew my deficiencies, even as regarded the care of its tender frame, other solemn thoughts crossed my mind about the



living immortal soul of which that was only the covering.

"Lo! children are an heritage of the Lord," says the inspired Psalmist, and this baby girl was, then, the first instalment which He had given to me. How comforting was the sweet thought that followed: "He who has bestowed will also teach me to treasure His gift and to nurse this child for Him!" I felt then, as I do still after many years, that if there is one human being who, more than another, needs to be instant in prayer, it is surely the mother to whom such a sacred charge is intrusted.

I smile sometimes when I look at the tall girls who call me mother, and who now, in the way of stature, look down on me, yet who run with willing feet in my service, and to save mine a needless step. I smile because I think of the time when I was their willing slave by night and by day, and far more frightened of the first, in her baby years, than all my children put together have ever been of me. But love is a good teacher—especially maternal love—and it is often said that babies bring that into the world with them, or they would never be cared for as they are.

I am not going to write directions suitable for the first few weeks of an infant's life. During that early period it is usually under the care of an experienced or professional nurse. Even in the poorest of homes, when the parents' means are so small that the mother cannot afford to pay for the constant attendance of such a person, there is always some kindly neighbor who, without fee or reward, undertakes to wash and dress the baby.

My first advice shall be as to the preparation of the nurse for her work. Take to it in yourself a cleanly person and a good temper, which latter finds its outward reflection in a bright, cheerful countenance. Even the few weeks' old baby shows a marvelous susceptibility to externals, and it would be difficult to say how soon it begins to imitate or to manifest pleasure at what it sees, if that be pleasant.

On the contrary, who has not noticed the shock which a baby receives from the sound of a harsh voice or the sight of a sullen, angry face? I have seen a little creature gaze searchingly at its mother's countenance and, if there were no answering smile, the dear eyes have seemed to lose their dancing light, the pretty mouth has formed itself into a sorrowful "pet lip," and perhaps a burst of crying has followed. The more intelligent the infant the more sensitive is it to what some would call trifles.

So, dear nurses, go to your care of the baby as to a real labor of love, and let the love shine in your faces, be heard in the ring of your voices, and be manifested by the absence of all impatience or hastiness of temper, even if you should have a very cross baby to deal with. Poor wee things! they cannot tell their troubles, and depend on it, if the baby is "fractious" it has some good reason for it, though you may not be able to find it out. So let your bright face, your endearing words, your cheery song, coax away the puckers from the face of your little charge if all these will do it. But in no case let its cross face be a reflection of your own.

Have nothing about you that can possibly hurt the little one. Rings, brooches, watch-chains, floating ribbons and ornaments of all kinds are

needless and out of place when you are busy with baby. Let your hair be smooth and tidy. Examine your dress to see that no stray pin has been stuck on the belt or waist, and that your sleeves are tucked up and fastened so that you neither get them wet nor have them loose and flapping about in baby's face.

Put on a wide flannel apron, of which every nurse should have two—"one to wash the other"—then you will always have a clean one for present use.

Be calm and patient about your work, neither hurrying nor occupying too much time over the washing and dressing business. Handle the little one very tenderly. Even if your work be one of necessity rather than of inclination, let the infant's helplessness plead with you; for remember, a little impatience, a sudden jerk of those delicate limbs, might cause injury to your charge, and to yourself life-long repentance.

Inexperienced nurses are apt to become frightened and flurried if a baby cries, kicks and screams. But, if the little one is in a passion, there is all the more need for the nurse to be calm, and to oppose patience and firmness to its struggles and clamor. Keep thoroughly master of yourself, dear young nurse, and you will manage baby all the more easily.

Have every requisite ready to your hands before you begin, and let each article of clothing be so placed as to come in its proper turn; so that there may be no rummaging amongst garments, or running about to seek something that ought to be close at your side when wanted. Such neglect tries baby's patience, exposes him to the risk of cold, and you to blame for your want of system and forethought.

Mind that baby, when undressed or in the bath, is not exposed to a draught of cold air. You may guard against this by extemporizing a screen in the shape of a clotheshorse with a sheet or quilt thrown over it.

Here I would say a few words about the clothing of infants. It, as well as the bedding, should combine lightness with warmth. It is of far more importance that it should be plentiful in quantity and good in quality, so as to secure cleanliness by frequent changes and comfort in the use, than very elaborate in workmanship or much ornamented.

If much trimming is used, by all means let it be in the shape of soft, cambric frills or narrow, torchon lace.

Muslin work—especially if a lanndress is so ill-advised as to stiffen it in order to make it set well—is a great cause of irritation to an infant's tender neck and arms.

A good nurse will pass her finger round the bands and along the seams of all clothing that is likely to come in contact with the child's skin. If she finds any roughness or sharp points, she rubs them before putting on the garment.

This is not the place to enumerate the articles which compose an infant's wardrobe; but I should like to mention one. The little lawn or cambric shirts worn during the first few weeks are usually made open in the front, from top to bottom. I have always used and recommended a shirt made of one width of the linen, with a single seam at the side, but open on the shoulders, on each of which it fastens with a small, linen button and loop. It is slipped over the head so easily; there

is no twisting of arms to get them into sleeves; it is quickly fastened, and, when on, it keeps its place and looks pretty, which is more than can be said of the old-fashioned, open article, with its useless laps and generally untidy effect.

As a baby should not only be washed, but have a bath every morning, the vessel used should be large enough to hold it comfortably, but rather shallow. The temperature of the water should be about ninety degrees; but, as young nurses have not always a thermometer at hand, they should try it with the back of the hand, or, as I have seen some old nurses do, with the tip of the tongue. The whole hand is not a safe test, especially if it be one accustomed to work, as the skin becomes hardened and can bear much greater heat or cold than it would be safe to use for an infant's bath.

I have read some terrible cases of suffering, and even loss of life, which have been caused by the carelessness of young nurses in not ascertaining that the water was of a proper temperature before putting in the child.

Soap of a non-irritating quality and a soft sponge must be used. If the infant is quite young, the left hand must be placed below its neck, so as to support the head above water. The whole body, including the head should be well soaped and then gently sponged, care being taken to rinse well all the little folds and creases, so that nothing impure or irritating may be retained there. Soft, half-worn towels of nursery diaper are the best to dry with, and this should be tenderly done with due consideration for the delicate skin. The moisture should be absorbed from all bends and creases by gentle pressure—never by rubbing; though the back and limbs will be all the better for a little friction with the hand. Baby likes this when he is first undressed and after washing, and enjoys stretching his round limbs on his nurse's knee whilst she gives them a gentle chafing within reach of the warmth of a fire.

One occasionally sees the scalp of an infant covered or patched with an unsightly crust. This is usually the result of insufficient or careless washing. At the first sign of it, the spot should be anointed with a bit of pure lard or a little olive oil. This will soften the crust, and it will generally come off during washing; but great care must be taken not to use any degree of violence to remove it. The simple application named and

persistent cleanliness are the proper remedies both to take it away and prevent its recurrence.

A quite young baby needs, as I have already said, the supporting hand of the nurse to keep the head above water. An older infant that can sit up strongly and has learned to kick about in and enjoy the water, equally needs the watchful eye of the nurse, and should never be left in the bath for a moment.

A very little water and a very short time have proved sufficient to drown an infant before now, during the momentary absence of the nurse.

A second bath at night is not necessary, only light sponging on the nurse's knee. The head should not be wetted in the evening, and after the morning bath the hair should be gently but thoroughly dried, and brushed with a very soft brush. Warm or tepid water is necessary during the first two or three years of a child's life, perhaps even longer in the cases of delicate children.

It is astonishing how very soon infants may be taught habits of cleanliness and regularity in taking food and rest. These things depend, almost wholly, on the care and attention bestowed by those who have the charge of them. Remember, dear mothers and young nurses, that it is from you, who are always about it, that the little one receives its first and most durable impressions, whether for good or evil, and as regards both mind and body. Can you, then, be too careful with respect to what you do for it; or too prayerful and watchful over yourself in order that from you it may receive nothing but what is good?

After the bath a baby is generally ready for its food, and the meal is pretty certain to be followed by its morning sleep. If the mother nurses her infant herself and a young helper has washed and dressed it, the latter should put away the articles that are done with, empty and dry the bath, and expose night clothes and towels, if possible, to the open air. Never be in a hurry to wrap up clothing or cover up beds. Let them have plenty of fresh air, or at least as much as you can possibly give them. I ought to have said the moment baby is taken out of his cot, the bed should be shaken up and all the bedding spread out and thus exposed. It is an excellent plan to have two sets of sheets in use, one for nights and the other for days; then this airing can be well carried out.

## Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

### ONE DAY.

"UP the hills on a bright sunny morn,  
Voices clear as a bugle horn.  
List to the echoes as they flow,  
Now away we go!"

So sang Alice Perley, as she ran out of the back kitchen after her brother Joe, who had already disappeared around the barn.

"Where are you going?" shrilly called her step-mother.

But the girl paid no heed to the interrogation.

Joe was waiting for her, with fishing-lines, a little tin-cup of worms and two big baskets.

"Where'll we go?" asked he.

"Over Schuylkill, of course," replied his sister, as though surprised at the silliness of the question.

Without another word, they started on their long march "up the hills."

They were a study, this homely pair, with their red heads, freckled faces and tattered clothes. Yet there was about them a certain air of rugged energy, combined with a high degree of intelligence. This expedition, like all their doings, had a purpose in it. Alice was the first to break the long silence.

"See if we can't earn some money!" she exclaimed.

"See if we can't get some good clothes!" chimed in Joe.

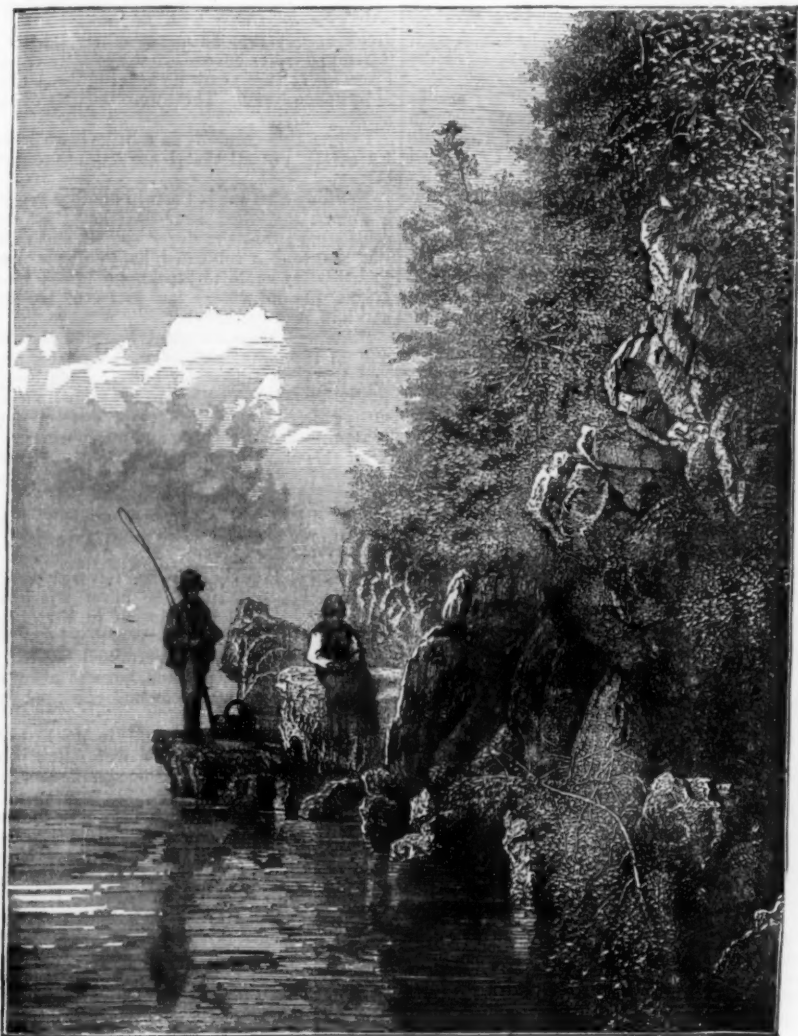
"And go to school, like other children."

"And learn enough to get along in the world."

"And get rich when we grow up."

"Well," laughed Joe, "that sounds like 'The House that Jack Built.'"

they neared the rugged, densely-wooded cliffs of the charming, romantic river, they gave vent, from time to time, to such exclamations as: "See that lovely fern!" "Oh, there's a wild geranium!" "Look at that wild-cherry tree—like a great bouquet!" "Did you ever see such blue skies—such soft, white clouds?"



JOE AND ALICE.

"He built his house, though, didn't he?"

"Yes, indeed! So will we. Mr. Young promised to take all the catties we could catch."

"And after while there'll be wild strawberries, and raspberries, and blackberries, and everything."

While they were building castles, their eyes had not been idle. They were taking in all the beauties of the ever-changing landscape; and as

Poor things, you say. Perhaps. Yet who of us are not, viewing the matter in one light? In another, who of us are? Who of us has not within him some element of gladness? These children, in spite of their incongenial surroundings, felt within them the stirrings of ambition. They would aspire, they would conquer. And, in so doing, they almost unconsciously put themselves

in the way of nature's wondrous teachings. Already she was filling them with a sense of beauty and truth.

Never, in after years, would they forget that day. For then they made their first effort of self-help; then they took the first step that brought them out of their adversity; then they first awoke to the transcendent loveliness of the external world.

Now an influential gentleman in a Western city, a wealthy lady in an Eastern, look back with wonder, almost awe, to that one day spent on the banks of the beautiful Schuylkill.

It was a highly successful day. They caught just as many "catties" as their baskets would hold, and went home at night with a nice little sum of money in their pockets. They carried home also sufficient for the family supper, and received from their step-mother the favorable comment: "If you'd do this every day, instead of idling your time, how much better it would be."

She gradually consented to their plan, when she saw how much in earnest they were. And as day after day passed on, and the proceeds of their berries were added to those of their fish, their faces grew brighter, their steps more elastic, as the possibility of their acquiring an education grew to a strong probability.

When school opened in the autumn, after the summer vacation, perhaps no happier, more devoted pupils sat in the village school-house. Certainly none had better kept books, none were more neatly clad.

Their school-history thereafter was very similar—a series of faithful study, rapid promotion and well-earned rewards. They, however, often had still to combine industry in outside pursuits with diligence in the class-room. When they reached the high school, Joe more than once had to miss a term, to engage in peddling or farm-work, in order to support himself; Alice supplemented her resources by teaching and embroidering. Of course, in time, they graduated with honor. Their long, severe discipline had made them fit for positions of trust and usefulness.

This is a very common story. It is what hundreds of young people throughout our land have accomplished; it is just what many, many more will do. It is because of this sturdy, indomitable spirit, found everywhere, that our people are so strong; that our country takes its high rank among the nations of earth.

All may not do just what Joe and Alice did. But there is no reason why any little boy or girl who reads these words may not resolve to be something good, and, perhaps, great; may not do something generous and noble, and so make himself or herself of more real worth in the world, and, as a consequence, indirectly render all humanity stronger and better. H.

### THREE GOOD EXAMPLES.

THE correspondent of a London paper gives the following facts and suggestions for the benefit of his young friends:

Are there any among you, my young friends, who wish to preserve health and cheerfulness throughout life, and at last to reach a good old age? If so, listen to what I am about to tell you.

A considerable time ago I read in a newspaper that a man had died near London over a hundred years old, and that he had never been ill, and had maintained through life a very happy temperament. I wrote at once, inquiring whether, in the old man's treatment of himself, there had been any peculiarity which had made his life so long and so happy, and the answer I got was this:

"He was uniformly kind and obliging to everybody; he quarreled with no one; he ate and drank merely that he might satisfy hunger and thirst, and never beyond what necessity required. From his earliest youth he never allowed himself to be unemployed. These were the only means he used."

I wrote this carefully in a little book in which I generally put all that I am anxious to remember.

Not long afterwards I saw in another paper that a woman had died near Stockholm at even a greater age; that she never was ill, and that she was always of a contented, happy disposition. I immediately wrote to Stockholm to ask by what means this old woman had preserved her health, and now read the answer:

"She was always a great lover of cleanliness, and in the daily habit of washing her face, feet and hands in cold water, and as often as opportunity offered she bathed in the same; she never ate or drank any delicacies or sweetmeats; she seldom took coffee or tea, and never wine."

Of this also I took a note in my little book.

Some time after this, again I read that near St. Petersburg a man had died who had enjoyed good health till he also was over a hundred. Again I took up my pen and wrote to St. Petersburg, and here is the reply:

"He was an early riser, and never slept beyond seven hours at a time; he never was idle; he worked and employed himself in the open air, and chiefly in his garden. Whether he walked or sat in his chair, he never permitted himself to sit awry or in a bent position, but was always perfectly straight. Luxurious and effeminate habits he held in great contempt."

After having written all this in my little book, I said to myself: "What a foolish fellow you will be if you do not profit by the example and experience of these old people!"

I then set down all I had been able to discover about them upon a large card, which I hung over my writing-desk, so that I might have it always before my eyes to remind me of what I ought to do and from what I should refrain. Every morning and evening I read over the contents of the card and obliged myself to conform to its rules.

And now, my dear young readers, I can tell you that I am much happier and in better health than I used to be. Formerly I had headache nearly every day, but now I suffer scarcely once in three or four months. Before I began these rules I hardly dared venture out in either rain or snow without catching cold. A walk of half a mile, too, used to exhaust me; now I walk miles without feeling tired.

Imagine, then, the happiness I experience; for there are few feelings so cheering to the spirit as those of constant good health and vigor. But, alas! there is something in which I cannot imitate these happy old people—and that is, that I have not been accustomed to all this from my youth.



Oh, that I were young again, that I might imitate them in all things, so that I might be happy and long-lived as they were!

Young folks who read this, you are the fortunate ones who can adopt in perfection this kind of life! What, then, hinders your living henceforward as healthily and happily as the old woman of Stockholm, or as long and as usefully as the old men of London and St. Petersburg?

### WHAT FOLLOWED.

WORDSWORTH says, "The child is father of the man;" and more than one prison scene and prison memory has illustrated this inevitable link of character between one's earlier and later years.

A young man, arrested for swindling his employer out of twenty thousand dollars, sat alone in a criminal's cell, out of which daylight had faded. Cowering on his hard bed, he pictured to himself the world outside, full of warmth, and light, and comfort. The question came to him sharply: "How came you here? Was it really for the stealing of that last great sum?"

Yes and no.

Looking back twenty years, he saw himself a school-boy, ten years old. He remembered one

lovely June day, with the roses in full bloom over the porch, and the dress his mother wore while at her work, and the laborers in the wheat-fields.

Freshest of all, he remembered his Uncle John—such a queer, kind, forgetful old man! That very morning his uncle had sent him to pay a bill at the country store, and there were seventy-two cents left, and Uncle John did not ask him for it. When they met that noon, this boy, now in prison, stood there under the beautiful blue sky, and a great temptation came. He said to himself: "Shall I give it back, or shall I wait until he asks for it? If he never asks, that is his lookout. If he does, why I can get it again together."

He never gave back the money.

A theft of twenty thousand dollars brought this young man to the prison door; but when a boy, he turned that way years before, when he sold his honesty for seventy-two cents.

That night he sat disgraced, and an open criminal, in his chilly cell. Uncle John was long ago dead. The old home was desolate, his mother broken-hearted. The prisoner knew that what brought him there was not the man's deed alone, but the boy's.

Had the ten-year-old boy been true to his honor, life now would have been all different. One little cheating was the first of many, until his character was eaten out, could bear no test, and he wrecked his manliness and his life.

## The Home Circle.

### A HINT TO MOTHERS AND SISTERS.

HOW often do we meet persons who are "real nice," yet who suffer, perhaps annoy others, in many little ways, simply because they have not had proper early training? They may be good, bright and intelligent—but they have a certain awkwardness and uncouthness that detract very much from their influence. For instance, how often are we horrified to see a pleasant young man put his knife in his mouth, or pretty girl forget to make use of her napkin?

From observation, I am inclined to think that there exists, wide-spread among the people, a sad neglect of the little proprieties of life. This is wrong. One who is permitted to grow up with careless habits, is apt to degenerate both in mind and person, besides make himself a trial and mortification to others. Now, to those who have children under their charge, I would say, It is just as easy to teach them properly as improperly.

Some may say, Outward manners are quite unimportant. If children are well-instructed in mental and moral lessons, politeness will come of itself. A good heart takes the place of all rules, and veneration can never make up for lack of truth within. Well, in a certain sense, all this is true. Etiquette is not a hobby of mine—and I believe good, even great people lived who never heard of it. But how much more beautiful a rare jewel appears, if framed in an appropriate setting. How much more attractive is a true gentleman or lady who adds to a noble soul a fitting behavior.

Others object, chiefly old people, that boys and

girls of the present generation are no better than their grandparents were, and the majority of them knew nothing of the present code of manners. With due respect to all such, I would answer, the times have changed. It is perfectly right that those who are living in their prime to-day should think, and feel, and act in all things according to the spirit of this age, not one rapidly passing away.

In some communities, conforming to elegant standards would be called putting on airs and aping foolish fashions. No great harm in this, were it the real state of the case—but it is not. Keeping up with the times, in manners and customs, enables us to avoid ignorance and provincialism; to improve our surroundings and enlarge our sympathies; to avoid being hurt or pushed to the wall amid the jostling crowd; and to feel at home anywhere.

Oh, what short-sighted policy many parents pursue! I know of one father who invariably kept his children away from the table while he and their mother ate, simply because he would not be troubled by their noise; of a mother, who disliked to wash dishes, and, in order to save herself work, encouraged her children to do without plates and eat with their fingers whenever they could. The consequence was, in both these cases, that the children grew up unfit to sit down at any decent table. And so, for the sake of a little selfish ease, on their parents' part, their whole future was spoiled.

I have known, also, of parents who did not wish their children to be any better-behaved than they themselves were, for they did not want to seem to

set a bad example. I know it is hard, in many ways, to preach to others what we do not practice ourselves—but because we do wrong, we have no right to teach others so, nor does our doing a wrong thing make it right. And if we persist in fully when we know it to be such, we will, sooner or later, find ourselves despised for it. Graceless young people, who laugh at the uncouthness of their elders—another inevitable effect of careless training, for true gentlemen and ladies never notice mistakes—most likely would have charitably pitied and helped them, had they been taught in time.

A beautiful, graceful, courteous, unselfish manner will refine the homeliest face and adorn the most ungainly figure; it will elevate the most ignorant soul, atoning for all lack of the advantages of culture; it will illuminate the poorest home, expand the narrowest circumstances and glorify the commonest toil. There is no reason in the world why the humblest day-laborer should not, in himself, be a true prince. First have a kind, unselfish heart, and then help it, in its working outward to external adornment.

Mother, whether you are the wife of a millionaire or the poorest washer-woman, teach your children to be true gentlemen and ladies—whether you expect them to be clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, or wear out their young lives in noisy, grimy factories. Sister, see to it that you supplement the good work, whether you are a petted heiress or a toiling servant.

Teach a child to be neat always. Let it grow used to the frequent application of soap, and water, and towel, and comb. Teach it to keep its teeth and nails perfectly clean. Let it be miserable without clean stockings, and handkerchiefs, and collars—with missing strings, and loose buttons, and torn clothes. Teach it to eat with its fork, and not its knife; never to pour out its tea or coffee into its saucer, put its knife in the butter, take bread or cake with a fork, tilt its soup-plate or eat noisily; always to spread out its napkin as a protection while eating, and to wipe its mouth when finished. Teach it to answer respectfully when spoken to; not to interrupt an older person while talking; not to pass in front of any one, or encroach upon another in any way, without asking to be excused; and, in general, to cultivate a habit of consideration for others. Under this last head come the invariable rules, Never to notice a deformity or a peculiar manner; never to laugh at a blunder; never make a pun upon a person's name; and never allude, in conversation, to anything that may hurt another's feelings. Finally, a child should be backward rather than forward, and should never seem anxious to air its knowledge. Let its great ambition be, to become a modest little gentleman or lady.

Children, once in awhile, like to give impudence. This must be fought to the bitter end, like any dreadful habit, such as lying or stealing. But it must be done kindly, gently, carefully, or they will only either grow confirmed in the habit, or become utterly crushed. So, you see, I mean to add, that on your side, as well as on theirs, must there be true politeness and consideration. If you want your children to be ladies and gentlemen, treat them as you would ladies and gentlemen. Don't be like this little girl's mamma.

The little girl was used to pretty rough usage at home. At length, she was taken out to a tea-party where were a good many grown folks. They treated her so well, one and all, that when she got home she eagerly asked: "Mamma, mamma, did I grow any bigger to-day?"

"Not much," answered her mamma; "Why?" "Because, at the tea-party, they all thought I was a lady!" And so she was, if she had only known it.

Readers will kindly excuse me if I affront them by hinting that they do not know all these things. Still, I think there must be some, somewhere, who really do need a little plain talk such as this. They, I know, will in time thank me—or, if they do not, their children will.

MARGARET.

### MAKING ENDS MEET.

WHILE the weather was so very warm, we did not "fire up" to bake bread. Sometimes for three weeks we had no fire in the stove with the good oven. We bought bread at the baker's, steamed an occasional loaf, made fruit-roll or dumplings, had pot-pies, pan-cakes, steamed puddings, or we did Ida's ironings in exchange for loaves baked out in her shady back porch. It was really funny, the way we did manage at the deacon's. Sometimes, when the mornings were cool, we would rise early and bake a lot of Graham gems or fry a jarful of jumbles.

Yesterday, coming home from a funeral late in the afternoon, we two sat down to rest on the stone steps at the door-yard gate a minute before we ascended the knoll. Suddenly there came to us the very practical thought that there was no bread for supper. Lily said: "I'll run right down to the baker's and get a fresh loaf."

But our answer was: "No, let us think. A trifling woman she is who cannot think of some substitute for the commonest of all wants—bread."

There were no crackers, no gems; we had sent a neighbor a delicious little steamed brown loaf that was meant for supper; there were no dry bits of which to make toast; there was no flour prepared ready to make biscuit.

"Let me go for a loaf," said Lily, tying the ribbons of her hat.

"Lily May," was the decided answer, "not a step. Just sit down and think. You are not half a woman if you can't contrive. There is a good substitute, and you ought to think what it is."

An instant more, and her eyes snapped joyously, and her palms came together with an "I know! I know! Thickened milk! There are two pans of morning's milk in the cellar not skimmed, and how nice that will be, and how easily made; and you know the 'daycon' is so fond of it!"

Yes, thickened milk was the substitute, but we wanted her to study it out herself. There are too many girls who say: "Oh, I didn't think!"

The quick fire was made, the kettle put on with a trifle of water in the bottom to prevent the milk burning, a fresh egg and a taste of salt put into some flour, which was rubbed into little rolls and lumps, and when the milk boiled this was slowly stirred in and cooked a minute, poured into deep dishes, a lump of good butter added, and a light, wholesome funny little supper was on the small table under the shaded dining-room window in just twenty-five minutes from the time we planned it.

During the very warm weather, father's cup of hot coffee was made on one of those cute little pocket-stoves meant for tourists or for a sick-room. Two spoonfuls of alcohol made the fire. Our little stove was one of our Christmas gifts last winter.

Steamed brown bread is excellent, and is easily made. We make our loaves in a cake-pan with a tube in the centre, which facilitates the cooking.

This morning we were busy writing, and did not want to be troubled about household affairs, and we let the work do itself, after this manner: We made a good fire out in the summer kitchen, and set things a-going. We wanted to steam a loaf, cook some beets, make curd cheese and boil a rice pudding. The raw material for the pudding was put together—rice, sugar, butter, raisins, salt and unskimmed sweet milk—put into a tin pudding-pail with a close cover, and stood on a small block of marble in a kettle with three quarts of boiling water in it. The beets, nicely washed, were put into the kettle around the pail. The steamer, closely covered, with the loaf inside, was on top of the kettle.

Twice we stirred the rice pudding, which was cooked the soonest. When the beets were done, they were taken out, and the loaf steamed three hours.

A good, deep tin pan, with the sour milk in it, for cheese, stood on the back part of the stove, and required no attention save an occasional gentle turning in of the edges with a spoon. When the curd formed, we drained off the whey, pressed it nearly all out, put in salt and butter to suit the taste, pressed the white cheese down into a deep dish, and had it ready for use. When preparing it for the table, we take out a part of it, and pour over either sweet or sour cream carefully, as one would pour cream over a dish of strawberries. Fresh from a cool cellar, a dish of cottage cheese is wholesome and appetizing.

Some of the girls, reading this, will say: "Why didn't Lily do this work, I wonder?"

She was sewing—intent on a plan of her own contriving. For at least ten years there has hung in the clothes-closet an old-fashioned lawn dress, plain waist, and straight skirt with six breadths in it, and a deep hem of the same around the bottom. The lawn was fine and good, a white ground, with an orange and black small figure in it. It was beautiful, fast colors, but hardly good enough to modernize, and not good enough to make of it a gift.

One night in bed, after we had gone to sleep, she lay wide awake, as usual, her arm under her head, looking out of the open window up into mid-heaven at the stars.

"Did you know the tail of the comet was becoming wonderfully abbreviated?" she said.

"Eh-h-h—" was the sleepy response.

"Oh, wake up!" she added. "It's lonely with only the stars, and the tops of the pines and cedars, and the fine squeak of the crickets in the grass. Did you know we girls are sending a letter to Mr. Griscom, asking him to let number three stop next Thursday so we can go down to Odell's Lake to spend the afternoon and evening?"

"Eh-h-h—" was the sleepy answer.

"Well, I am going to make you a new dress tomorrow, if nobody comes and nothing hinders me. I contrived it all myself; and if I make it real

plain and pretty, and not too fussy, will you wear it?"

"Eh-h-h—" was the scarcely audible reply.

And that was how the new dress came to us. It was made out of the old lawn with the wide, plain skirt. This way. One breadth was taken out and cut into the gored top of a skirt, reaching half way to the knees, then the skirt of five breadths was tucked, evenly apart, and neatly, until it was taken up, so that the length was about right, short enough to clear the ground. The wide hem—not at all worn—was let out, and a narrower one made. This gave material enough for two more tucks. They are about one inch deep, and the space between them is about an inch. This tucked part was shirred on to the gored top. It is very pretty. It has an appearance of airiness and lightness, and looks cool and summery. No other goods but lawn or organdie, or some light material, would look well tucked; it would be heavy and cumbersome. The shirring has a ruffle edge where it is set on to the upper part of the skirt.

We are well pleased with Lily's contrivance, and the brand new dress gives us the greatest satisfaction and pleasure.

Helen, the writing-teacher, a fair, sweet, home-less girl, whom everybody loves, visits with us once or twice a year. In these resting-spells she makes new clothes, repairs her old ones, and gives joy to all her acquaintances by coming in contact with them in their own homes. We always learn something new from her. We have often wondered how she kept her laces so fresh and new—crisp as though right from the ironing-table. She told us the simple plan, which anybody might have contrived just as easily as she did. Whenever she was not wearing them—say at night—she smoothed them out and put them to press under a weight.

It was a secret worth knowing, and well worth remembering; and ever since then, as soon as we take off our white lace ties, we put them in the folds of a newspaper, and lay a heavy map of the United States over them.

Our ties are made of plain bobinet, six or eight inches in width, with a vine worked in the wide hem at the ends. The vine can be copied from an old magazine, and wrought in linen floss or saddler's silk. Tied in a fluffy bow in front, they are really pretty. We learned how they were made under Helen's instructions.

We hope every family has a Helen who comes to visit them from the world's busy thoroughfares, bringing with her these little bits of happy contrivances and useful information, that go so far toward helping one in the troublesome "where-withal shall we be clothed?"

We were absent a few days while Helen was here; and Lily looked over the fruit, canned and preserved, and away on the top shelf of the cellar cupboard she found something that had needed attention a fortnight before. It was a half-gallon jar of preserved cling peaches that showed unmistakable signs of fermentation.

Helen said: "Now these must not be wasted; my good aunt, Cerintha Bigelow, would make something delicious out of them; and we two will experiment while Sister Potts is away, and just see what we can do."

And this was what they did. They took about

a quart of dried wild plums and a heaping teacupful of very fine dried cherries, stewed them together and mashed them into a fine pulp, cooked the peaches over, pressed out the seeds, and then put the two sauces together with two pounds of sugar and cooked them into a very fine marmalade.

When we came home, they had some on the table at tea, and we were delighted with Helen's ingenuity and economy. Both girls asked us to guess what it was. They said they called it combination butter, and added, that if the rule of combination was so good in the realms of fashion, it ought to be the same in the culinary department.

Helen made the toast the next evening. We always lay the slices of bread in the oven until they are brown, or we toast them one at a time on a fork at the front of the stove; but Helen's way was the best we ever saw. She took the grate out of the oven and put it on top of the hot stove, with the slices of bread laid on it. That gives room enough for a dozen slices across the loaf. When they were all sufficiently browned, she laid them into a clean tin pan and poured boiling water on and off as soon as she could. By this means the flinty crusts are softened, and do not absorb so much of the cream-dressing.

To make the latter, she put a quart of creamy milk and a large lump of butter, with a teaspoonful of salt, into a hot spider, and, stirring it gently, left it on the stove until it was scalding hot, but not boiling. This was poured over the toast bread, and was delicious—so much better than the way this dish is usually made, by pouring the dressing over the dry slices.

We were talking about "making something out of nothing"—making ends meet—which started Helen on that topic, and outdistanced all the contrivances we had ever heard of. It was about two girls going to the sea-side—one of them for change of air, and to get away from a menacing trouble in the family at home. They rented a room of a poor couple—a bare room, without furniture—and then "Ned," the nickname of Elnorah, the eldest sister, set about making the apartment habitable and tolerably home-like, with such means as could be picked up around her. The clothes-press was made by stretching a curtain across one corner of the room, and making the coziest kind of place in which to hang dresses and put wearing apparel out of sight. The table was a store box, tipped over on its side, with the bottom of the box next to the wall. Two cleats were nailed inside on each end, which had boards laid on them for shelves. A wide board was nailed on top to jut over the edge like a raised table-leaf. It had a curtain all around it, and a snowy cover on top. Another box was fixed the same way, with a row of shelves inside and a curtain around it.

Ned's father had been a carpenter, and this was how it came about that his boy-girl could use a saw and could drive nails with such unwomanly skill.

The lounge was made with four posts for corners, strips nailed around them, cleats inside, and boards sawed to fit across for the bottom. A heavy comfortable was folded lengthwise, and laid on the tick of straw; two calico-covered pillows made to match; and the new lounge, smelling sweetly of fresh, clean, oat straw, was delightfully restful and full of home-like comfort.

How Ned made her centre-table—it stood in a

corner, however—was the funniest of all planning. The raw Irish laddie in the employ of the fisherman looked at it, and in his broad, Celtic brogue ejaculated: "Ah, by the hokey fly, mum! it's a caution, you is!"

She had rummaged in the attic, and the wood-house, and under the cribs and sheds, to find something—"anything," she called it—of which to make a centre-table; and finally her ingenuity met with material suitable. There was a trim half-barrel keg, clean and fresh, standing empty. So far she was favored. The keg was just the right height. A stove platform, zinc-covered, circular in shape, filled the requirement. This was placed on top of the little half-barrel, covered completely with a deep, full curtain, and then my ladies had a nice place to put their books, album and all the useful and pretty little things that girls so prize in the heyday of their young maidenhood. The cover and the contents completely metamorphosed those unsightly things into a handsome ornament, both tasteful and useful.

A five-fingered ivy vine, which had been deprived of its support and trailed its green lengths in the grass, was carefully lifted and caught up by gentle supports against the old gray walls of the fisherman's cottage, and in a little while it grew to love its new neighbors, and manifested its good will by completely draping one side of the lowly house. Its cool curtain was a charming shade over the windows.

We may be mistaken, but we think these comforts which we contrive ourselves by tact and ingenuity, and really shrewd managing and skill, by the acute power of ready invention, are clever, and are stimulative of happiness. They seem to bring their own remuneration; they encourage, and animate, and rouse one to more vigorous effort. These are not little things. They indicate originality of thought and purpose, and tend to exaltation of vital and mental activity. The woman who can make a new dress out of two old ones, or improvise an article of furniture out of "something," has will-power, purpose, animation, faculty, invention—in short, is an American woman.

PIPSEY.

### GIVE IT A REST.

MRS. T. was a tall, stout woman, the picture of health to a stranger, but I learned, one day during a call, that she was suffering daily tortures from dyspepsia. A splendid cook and home-provider, she was unable to taste of the luxuries she provided for others, or else pay the penalty by hours of suffering.

"And I have such a good appetite, too," she said, so ruefully; I have never forgotten the look.

I have no doubt the difficulty came by constantly tasting the good things she was preparing. It was such a temptation to eat a handful of the raisins she was stewing, a slice, every now and then, of the peaches she was paring, a cookie or two just from the oven "to see if they were good." Nine women out of ten do just that way, and I might almost add that as great a proportion have dyspepsia, more or less.

Governor Throup, of New York, was hale, hearty and cheery at ninety, with sound digestion and unbroken comfort. He had always observed



the strictest regularity in his eating, never taking a particle between meals, and being able to command his time, also retired and rose punctually at stated hours. It was no doubt his regular habits, joined with much out-door exercise, that made his life so long and full of comfort.

Not many women can secure such strict regularity in their own systems of life, but every one can keep from the pernicious habit of all the time tasting of a morsel of this and that, if they have but the resolution. A good rest is what so many poor, overworked stomachs need. Not that they are overloaded as to quantity, but they are kept always grinding. No poor slave was ever so abused. They are not even allowed to sleep when their mistress does; just before going to bed, very likely she sends down an apple or a piece of cake and a pickle, to be worked up as best it can during the still hours of the night, when the poor worn-out drudge of a stomach ought to rest in peace to be prepared for the next day's hard usage.

Turn over a new leaf if you belong to this class, as poetic justice will most surely be meted out to you in its season. Shut down the gate on this habit, and don't take so much as a pinch of anything to eat between your three regular meals, and see if those "bad feelings," which give you so much distress, will not speedily disappear. Who would not be hearty and cheery down to old age?

J. McC.

### MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

WHEN the beauty of spring is at its height, when the maples are in full leaf, and the white phlox and star of Bethlehem are in bloom, and the clover-beds show their heads of pearl set in emerald green, then memory takes me back through long paths to the old home in Kentucky. When midsummer days are longest and warmest, and the glare of sunlight wearies the eyes and brain, then I think of those cool, green shades under spreading trees, where long grass waved, and the children played, and the dear old spot comes up before my mental sight in all its loveliness. It stood in the outskirts of the town, away from the bustle and dust of more frequented streets, and high above the surrounding ones. A pleasant, roomy, two-story house, embowered in the trees and shrubbery of a large yard. A row of water-maples extended from the front gate, in long procession, to the back of the grounds, and the pavement beneath them was our promenade ground. All around the edge of the yard, at the top of the terrace which sloped down to the street, ornamental trees stood here and there, with large shrubs set between. On one side of the steps, which led to the front gate, was a large acacia, whose spreading branches hung down over the terrace, loaded with great bunches of lovely pink blossoms in their season—the admiration of all passers-by. It was the only bush of the kind I ever saw, so rare as to make it a curiosity. At one corner of the yard there was a huge greville rose, reaching long arms over a frame which vainly tried to hold it within bounds. Each cluster of its flowers, a bouquet in itself with all the varied shades, from faintest pink to bright, deep red. In a diamond, around a small cedar-tree, johnny-jumpups and petunias grew in profusion. On the opposite side, under the parlor

windows, stood a large, sweet rose-bush, with blue violets clustering thick about its roots, and near by was the great snow-ball and the crimson and white chrysanthemums, grandmother's especial pride and care. Around on the side of the house, a luxuriant multiflora was trained and a coral honeysuckle climbed up to the second story, and peeped in my little bed-room window.

The large side-yard, on which the dining-room windows looked out across a broad porch, was our favorite play-ground and place of work. A gravel-walk, covered with a grape-arbor, led out to a large circle, bordered with closely-trimmed grass. A giant rose-bush was its centre-piece, and the border all around was filled with smaller flowers of numberless variety, which it was ever our delight—as children—to cultivate. From the time the earliest spring flower put up its head, I was busy a part of each day among them.

With sun-bonnet on the back of my neck, a spade or trowel in hand, one of my greatest privileges was to plant, and weed, and dig as much as I chose.

Unable to go to school, much of the time, with the older children, I had full liberty to enjoy such pleasure. Here in this circle grew the hyacinths and jonquils, blue-bells, cowslips and china asters, with a sprinkling of larkspurs, butter-and-eggs, and other homely flowers which children love so well. Here were the golden buttercups which my little sister prized, and the star of Bethlehem which the tiny brother used to gather in his little hands to take to mamma. When their graves were made in the beautiful cemetery just beyond the town, some of these were planted beside them. The white lilies were my eldest sister's favorite flowers, and the starry jessamine was most prized by another. I loved them all, but few more dearly than the rich, bright pansies, scarlet verbenas, white phlox and the lilies of the valley, so pure and innocent-looking.

Under the great apple-tree was a rustic bench, where we played with our dolls or kept store with a collection of scraps of dress goods and domestics, nicely folded on the shelves, and an assortment of round pieces of paper money to buy them with. A peach-tree, whose low, crooked branches formed a natural seat, was my especial place of resort to read or study. A long row of currant and gooseberry-bushes divided off the back yard, which was just a large, green sward without shrubbery, and at one end of it, under the shade of a catalpa-tree, stood our little summer-house, nicest of all places to play in when the weather was a little cool or damp. It had been a pilot-house, taken off a sunken steamboat and given to us, and the great charm was that it had glazed windows that would open and shut, and we could lock the door at night like that of any other house. Here we had our nicest plays and entertainments when our cousins came over from the city, across the river, to spend a day, or sometimes a week with us. We would sit there to make our doll clothes, and often have regular tea-parties with our own little set of dishes. Of summer nights we sat on the stone-steps in front of the house, and watched the stars while we chatted; or played hide-and-seek among the shrubbery in the moonlight. In the spring-time we sat in the great clover-beds, and made wreaths of them for our heads, dotting them with rose-buds, and gathered the yellow dandelions, making curls of their stems,

When the phlox and larkspurs bloomed, we made chains and tiny wreaths of their flowers and pressed them in books. Oh, those childhood days in that dear old home! Surely they must have been the happiest ones of my life, although I had my childish troubles and ill-health, and did not realize it then.

The house has long ago passed into the hand of strangers, and if I were ever to go to the place again, I could hardly summon the courage to enter its walls. Only in sleeping or waking dreams, shall I ever see it again. It appears thus before me often, and I see, so plainly, the old parlor with its large sofa among whose cushions I often nestled for a nap. The old-fashioned china vases on the mantel, which were my especial admiration, and grandfather's and grandmother's portraits hanging opposite each other on the wall. I see my mother's low-backed rocking-chair, in which all the children were rocked, one after another, sitting in front of the fire in her room, and the bureau with its big glass-knobs, which I took so much pride in dusting nicely, when I had first learned that accomplishment. I dream, even now, about going to a certain large closet and taking down the dresses I used to wear when a little girl, and of walking through the long bed-room where my eldest sister and myself slept, and seeing the stand and cabinet where I kept my childish treasures.

Oh, how many of us have an island of the "Long Ago," which we visit in memory, upon whose banks are strewn some of the brightest treasures of our lives, which float backward to its shores from each successive year, as we glide along and leave them; and often grow dearer or more sacred the farther we recede from them.

LICHEN.

### "OUR OWN."

"We have careful words for the stranger,  
And smiles for the sometime guest—  
But too oft for our own, the bitter tone,  
Though we love our own the best."

AND the words came into my heart again and again singing themselves into a sad melody, "Too oft for our own, the bitter tone." Ah, friend! here is a sorry truth. Who among us but has "careful words for the stranger?" We would not treat him with disrespect; we would be polite and kindly, even though he seem undeserving. We put aside everything that could annoy and wear a pleasant face, despite the heartache or bodily anguish. He must be welcomed, treated with hospitality, and bidden a good-bye at the door; and it is right that it should be so.

But our own, O friend! it is our own, our best beloved, who are often most neglected. We leave them in solitude and loneliness many an hour when our presence would make them glad; we often sit beside them, and pore over a book or paper, and in our heedlessness see not the tear-filled eye nor catch a sound of sighing.

But the stranger or acquaintance, if we note a sorry expression on his face, we redouble our efforts to enliven him; we speak pityingly of him, and wonder what secret grief was wearing his life away. Husband and wife, parent and child and friend, look upon your dear ones! Is there a face

sadder than you had thought? Are the hands that so often seek your own growing thinner and paler? Are the fond eyes beginning to take to themselves a wistful, longing look, as if trying to see beyond the shadowy veil of earth? Is some footsteps less light? Has some voice lost its singing tone? Then, beware! Somewhere a note in life's melody is wrong. And, oh, I pray that you did not disarrange the sweet measure. I trust that no shadow of sorrow fell because of your carelessness!

"Too oft for our own, the bitter tone,  
Though we love our own the best."

There may not be any lack of love in our hearts; but they are always with us, "our own," and we grow neglectful, or perhaps they, through their heartache, do not speak the love words we ourselves so long to hear, yet refuse to give. Perhaps our own hearts are grieved and questioning. Why this silence? and they daily fade before our very eyes, and we close love's dear pages, and hoard up the treasures we have, refusing to give of their richness to our nearest and dearest.

"We love them, and we know it, and we falter  
With fingers numb,  
Among the unused strings of love's expression  
The notes are dumb.  
We shrink within ourselves in voiceless sorrow,  
Leaving the words unsaid,  
And side by side with those we love the dearest,  
In silence on we tread."

MRS. CHARLOTTE E. FISHER.

### CARE OF THE SICK.

MORE often depends on the nurse than the doctor. The sick need the most watchful and intelligent care. A writer in an English magazine, a physician, gives some minute direction for changing the bed-linen of a person seriously ill, which I copy and send for the "Home Circle." He says:

"The greatest care should be taken to keep the beds clean; as the linen ought to be changed, at least, twice, and the blankets once a week; those that have been removed hung in the open air for a few hours, then thoroughly dried in a warm room, and put away to replace those in use, which must be similarly treated. There is nothing easier to an experienced nurse, or more difficult to an inexperienced one, than to change the bed-linen when a patient is in bed. There is a capital plan, which I have followed in scores of cases, and never found to fail. In the first place, everything required must be at hand before beginning; then move the patient as far as possible to one side of the bed, and remove all but one pillow. Untuck the lower and cross sheets, and push them toward the middle of the bed. Have a sheet ready folded or rolled the long way, and lay it on the mattress, unfolding it enough to tuck it in at the side. Have the cross sheet prepared the same way; lay it over the under one, and tuck it in, keeping the unused portion of both still rolled. Move the patient over to the side thus prepared. The soiled sheets can then be drawn away, the clean ones completely unrolled, and tucked in on the other side. The coverings need not be removed while this is being done; they can be pulled out from the foot of the bedstead, and kept wrapped round the patient. To

change the upper sheet, take off the counterpane, and lay the clean sheet over the blankets, securing the upper edge to the bed with a couple of pins. Standing at the foot, draw out the blankets and soiled linen; replace the former, and put on the counterpane; lastly, change the pillow-cases."

In regard to the ventilation of the sick room, Florence Nightingale, in her book on nursing, makes these suggestions, which I also send :

"With a proper supply of windows and a proper supply of fuel in open fire-places, fresh air is comparatively easy to secure when your patient or patients are in bed. Never be afraid of open windows, then. People don't catch cold in bed. This is a popular fallacy. With proper bed-clothes and hot bottles, if necessary, you can always keep a patient warm in bed, and well ventilate him at the same time." S.

## Evenings with the Poets.

### AGAIN.

SO soon, so soon the summer leaves are turning  
To red and crimson, gold and russet brown;  
So soon again the maple's fires are burning,  
Lighting the hilltops like a burnished crown—  
Far off within the shadowy mist  
Gleam purple, gold and amethyst.

So soon, so soon the summer leaves are dying,  
The fair, green leaves that lived their little day  
In joyous freedom, now around us lying,  
Fading, like many an earthly joy, away—  
And, flutt'ring through the charmed air,  
Trail golden splendors everywhere.

All gorgeous hues, all dyes of Tyrian splendor  
Blossom and burn beneath the Master's hand;  
They thrill us, fill us with a joy so tender  
We reverent walk, as in some sacred land;  
Or stand with clasped hands to gaze  
Upon the glory of these sad, sweet days.

O far-off hills, methinks your misty glory  
Leads upward to the Eternal Hills of Gold,  
Where earth's decay nor sin's unhallowed story  
Can vex nor mar the souls that ne'er grow old!  
O Summer Land, we long for thee,  
Bend down that we thy gates may see!

### "NOT TO MYSELF ALONE."

"Not to myself alone,"  
The little opening Flower, transported, cries—  
"Not to myself alone I bud and bloom;  
With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,  
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes:  
The bee comes sipping, every eventide,  
His scanty fill;  
The butterfly within my cup doth hide  
From threatening ill."

"Not to myself alone,"  
The circling Star with honest pride doth boast—  
"Not to myself alone I rise and set:  
I write upon night's coronal of jet  
His power and skill who formed our myriad host;  
A friendly beacon at Heaven's open gate,  
I gem the sky,  
That man might ne'er forget, in every fate,  
His home on high."

"Not to myself alone,"  
The heavy-laden Bee doth murmuring hum—  
"Not to myself alone, from flower to flower,  
I rove the wood, the garden and the bower,

And to the hive at evening weary come.  
For man, for man, the luscious food I pile  
With busy care,  
Content if this repay my ceaseless toil—  
A scanty share."

"Not to myself alone,"  
The soaring Bird with lusty pinion sings—  
"Not to myself alone I raise the song:  
I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,  
And bear the mourner on my viewless wings;  
I bid the hymnless churl my anthems learn,  
And God adore;  
I call the worldling from his dross to turn,  
And sing and soar."

"Not to myself alone,"  
The Streamlet whispers on its pebbly way—  
"Not to myself alone I sparkling glide;  
I scatter health and life on every side,  
And strew the fields with herb and flow'ret gay.  
I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,  
My gladsome tune;  
I sweeten and refresh the languid air  
In droughty June."

"Not to myself alone,"  
O Man! forget not thou, earth's honored priest—  
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart—  
In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part.  
Chiefest of guests at Love's ungrudging feast,  
Play not the niggard; spurn thy native clod,  
And self disown:  
Live to thy neighbor, live unto thy God;  
NOT TO THYSELF ALONE.

S. W. PARTRIDGE.

### HEART'S-EASE.

THIS only in the troubled shell  
The pearl is born;  
The stars that in the darkness shine  
Fade out at morn.

Trials, like sands within the shell,  
The soul that fret,  
Change into something beautiful,  
Nor leave regret.

Though with bowed head the cross be borne  
From day to day,  
The downcast eyes heart's-ease may see  
Beside the way.

And glancing up, though skies are dark,  
From window blue  
In some reft cloud, an angel's face  
Is looking through.

## The Temperance Cause.

### DR. ANDREW CLARK ON ALCOHOL.

**D**R ANDREW CLARK lately delivered an evening address on alcohol, in the Great Portland Street school-room, London, to a crowded and deeply interested audience. He said he purposed offering a few informal remarks upon the influence of alcoholic drinks upon health, upon work, upon disease and upon the succeeding generation. This question of alcohol was of the first importance to us as a nation and as individuals, and hence a great responsibility rested upon those who professed to speak upon it with authority. He ventured to say that he knew something about this question. For twenty-five years he had been physician to one of the largest hospitals in this country (the London Hospital), and there, as elsewhere, it had been a part of his business in life to ascertain the influence which alcoholic drinks exercised upon health, and he had with deep interest and attention striven to get at the truth of the matter. In the first place, let him distinctly say that alcohol was a poison, as were also strychnine, arsenic and opium; but in certain small doses strychnine, arsenic and opium were useful in special circumstances, and in very minute doses alcohol could also be used without any obvious prejudicial effect upon health. He was not going to discuss what these minute doses were, save to say that they were very minute. A perfect state of health (and it was rarely to be found) could not be benefited by alcohol in any degree, and in nine times out of ten it was injured by it. He said this not as a total abstainer, though he earnestly hoped that all the rising generation would be. Instead of the ideal state of health which might be enjoyed save for the nature of our surroundings, the sins of our parents and our own sins, there was a sort of secondary health possessed by most of us, and what did alcohol do for this?

He had two answers to give—that this sort of health bore apparently with alcohol better than the other, and sometimes seemed as if benefited by it; and this was exactly the sort of health that formed the great debating ground of different people with respect to the use of alcohol. Secondly, there were some nervous people always ailing, yet never ill, for whom he had a profound sympathy, who seemed to derive great comfort from alcohol, and to these he had sometimes said, "Take a little beer or wine, but take great care never to go beyond the minute dose." He did not defend this, but simply stated it to show what he thought. As to the influence of alcohol upon work, Dr. Clark went on to encourage his hearers to try the experiment of total abstinence, and observe the result in regard to work. Let them, however, try it fairly, and not allow themselves to be deterred from it by the evil prognostications of friends. He was certain that if this experiment were tried, each individual present would come to the conclusion that alcohol was not a helper of work, but, on the contrary, a hinderer.

Now as to the effect of alcohol upon disease. He went through the wards of his hospital to-day and asked himself how many cases there were due

to natural and unavoidable causes, and how many to drink, and he came, after careful thought to the conclusion that seven out of ten owed their ill-health to alcohol. He did not say that these were excessive drinkers or drunkards—in fact, it was not the drunkards who suffered most from alcohol, but the moderate drinkers who exceeded the physiological quantity. The drunkard very often was an abstainer for months together after a period of intemperance, but the moderate drinker went steadily to work undermining his constitution, and preparing himself for premature decay and death. He had no means of finding out how many victims alcohol claimed each year, but certainly more than three-fourths of the disorders of fashionable life arose from the drug of which he was speaking. Finally, Dr. Clark dwelt upon the heredity of the alcohol taint, and closed by saying that sometimes when he thought of all this conglomeration of evils he was disposed to rush to the opposite extreme—to give up his profession, to give up everything, and to enter upon a holy crusade, preaching to all men everywhere to beware of this enemy of the race.

### ALCOHOL ON THE HUMAN SYSTEM.

**T**HE peculiar way in which alcohol transudes through membranes, its diffusive power as it is called, enables it to reach all parts of the body in an extremely short space of time. There is dilation with reduced power of contraction. This vaso-motor paralysis, so to speak, is more continuous as well as more complete in some organs than in others, and some forms of alcoholic drinks produce it much more certainly than others. This is the case if the alcohol be impregnated with some of its allies, especially amylic alcohol and fusel oil; these latter are always more or less present in potato spirit, with which wines are commonly fortified. The influence of the alcoholic drinks is decided upon the nervous centres; they immediately produce some of those exaggerated forms of drunkenness in which violent excitement and maniacal delirium are manifest. They make the fluid pleasanter to the taste; and some of their forms are frequently added for the purpose of producing a so-called "bouquet." Their effects are far more serious and immediate than those which follow from the simple use of ethylic alcohol. In its first origin the effect is to interfere with the proper renovation and nutrition of the part, and to commence a disease of the particular organ affected. Dyspepsia is the first outcome of the use of stimulants; and as a sequence to the common result, viz.: Inflammation of Glisson's capsule, we may have the so-called cirrhosis or fatty degeneration of the liver, and similar changes may take place in the kidney; the heart and large blood-vessels may suffer directly or indirectly. The muscles may be destroyed, or the nerve tissue of the brain or spinal cord may be the parts which show the effect of three-agent first.

DR CARPENTER.



## EFFECT OF STRONG DRINK ON THE LIVER.

**T**HE *Family Physician* tell us that when alcohol is introduced into the stomach in the ordinary way, it nearly all passes through the liver. Undiluted spirits are much more injurious than when mixed with water, and produce greater irritation. Alcohol consumed as wine or beer is far less destructive to the liver than when taken in the form of ardent spirits. A hot climate intensifies all the vicious effects of alcohol. The symptoms of cirrhosis of the liver are in the early stages often obscure, but later they are sufficiently well marked. At first the liver gets slightly enlarged, and the patient suffers from pain in the right side, indigestion, wind and costive bowels. He is occasionally feverish, his skin is hot and dry, and he has a peculiar, unhealthy, sallow look, which he probably fails to notice, but which is sufficiently obvious to his friends. The necessity for making a change in his habits is forced upon his attention, and for a week or two he is under the doctor's orders, and not feeling able to drink any more, he consents to follow a restricted diet, and to take a course of purgatives.

Soon the most prominent symptoms are relieved, he fancies himself well again, and quickly returns to his old habits. Gradually, however, he notices that he is getting thinner and weaker, and occasionally he has a good deal of pain in the side. He is nervous and out of sorts. He has no longer the pluck he used to have; first his friends notice it, and then he gradually becomes aware of it him-

self. He finds that he is not "fit for business," and he is afraid to see people. The patient has occasional attacks of diarrhoea, his appetite fails, and the emaciation and debility increase. He tries all kinds of treatment, but never sticks to one for long at a time. He consults every physician of any note, but derives little if any benefit from their advice. He would give up the drink if he could, but he can't. His self-reliance is gone, the alcohol has stolen away his will, and he is utterly incapable of giving up the dangerous fascination. He will take an oath to-day that he will never touch another drop of spirit, and will probably break it to-morrow. Sometimes he wishes that some one would lock him up in an asylum, or that by some chance or other he could have six months' imprisonment, but he never feels able to put himself under restraint. After a time the liver gets smaller, and this, instead of being a good sign, is a bad one, for it is contracting. He would willingly enough consent to knock off drink now, but it is too late; the mischief is done, the liver is in a state of cirrhosis, and no medicine can restore it to its natural condition. Is there any remedy for this horrible complaint? Yes, one, teetotalism—absolute abstinence from alcoholic liquors of all kinds. This remedy must be applied early. If he waits till his liver has undergone serious organic change, it is too late. No half measures will suffice; he must give up drink of all kinds. If he does this he will recover; but if he goes on in his old plan an early and painful death is the inevitable consequence.

## Art at Home.

### CHEAP HOUSEHOLD ORNAMENTATION.

**O**NE of the writers for the "Home Circle" tells us of a little school-ma'am who is ever ready with useful hints about dressmaking and housekeeping. Now we of the Art Department have also a little friend to whom we turn in our perplexities, sure of a happy solution of all our troubles. To this same friend we owe the following practical ideas, which we give to our readers, hoping that they may help some one whose purse, like our own, will not admit of a large outlay.

One dreary fall morning, when, for the hundredth time, we were lamenting the melancholy fact that we had no winter covering for our stained sitting-room floor, and no money wherewith to buy one, the door opened, and in walked our valuable little friend, to whom, on a former occasion, we had confided our present trouble, followed by a boy with a large roll of common blankets, brown and gray. One of these she spread upon the floor, informing us that she was the representative of high art. She was going to transform the domestic blanket into an æsthetic rug for the centre of our polished floor. All round it, about a foot from the edge, was traced a border of simple arabesque design, whilst in each corner inside the border was a sunflower or two, conventionally treated. The border was to be outlined in different shades of peacock-blue Scotch yarn, the straight lines

being a dark shade, whilst a paler one was employed for the curves and zigzags. The sunflowers were worked in their natural rich yellow, and the leaves in very subdued greens.

When finished, this rug was the envy and admiration of us all, particularly as the total cost was not more than a few dollars. Some of the other blankets were cut up into hearth-rugs, piano and door mats, and embroidered in designs of the same class. They made an excellent show, and gave the room a warm, home-like appearance.

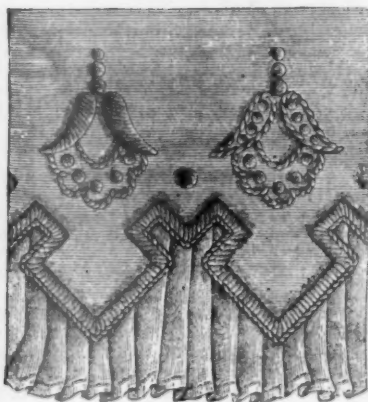
Next our little friend produced four artistic-looking vases. Two were quite straight to the top, and of an olive green color; the other two, which were deep blue, were shorter and narrowed at the neck. We gazed in astonishment, and begged to be told who had given them to her, knowing her purse was much too slender to admit of her buying such expensive ornaments. For some time she was obdurate, and refused to enlighten us as to where she had gotten them. At last, however, she told us that the two straight vases were truly nothing more than "old bottles" with the neck and shoulders cut off; the others were empty preserved-ginger jars; she had covered them with two or three coats of oil paint, laid on very smoothly, diluting the paint, when absolutely necessary, with a drop of oil, but using it as thick as possible to insure its adhering to the glazed surface. They had to be left on till perfectly

dry, as, if moved, it would be impossible to avoid smearing. The paint took several days to dry, and then came the finishing touch. This finishing touch consisted of embellishing each with a flower or spray of flowers, the paint being laid on thickly and with as unstudied a look as possible. A tea-rose and a bunch of yellowish chrysanthemums were very successful, and when they were finished the vases had all the appearance of the ware which is so much in vogue just now.

About the house there happened to be a packing-case, of which both top and bottom were unbroken; this, it was suggested, would serve for the foundation of a fashionable Queen Anne table. We gave a carpenter a trifle to make four straight, square legs of common wood, which we then covered with good artistic *crétone*. This had to be very neatly and carefully done with small upholsterer's tacks.

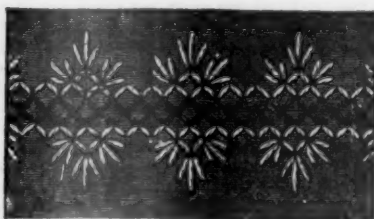
The top of the packing-case was next prepared, small squares were cut out at each corner, in such a shape and size as that the legs would just fit in. It was very strongly nailed in this position, about half way down the legs, so as to form a shelf, whilst the other piece of the packing-case was used for the top of the table. The corners of this latter piece were of course not cut out, but were allowed to rest on the legs to which it was nailed. The shelf and top were covered first with brown paper, the wood being coarse and rough, and next with *crétone*, of which a margin of two inches was left hanging down all round. This flounce hid all joins and untidiness. The only thing now needed was a few yards of worsted fringe to match the *crétone*; it was stitched round the edge of both shelves, and our table was complete. I may add that we found it both useful and ornamental.

## Fancy Needlework.

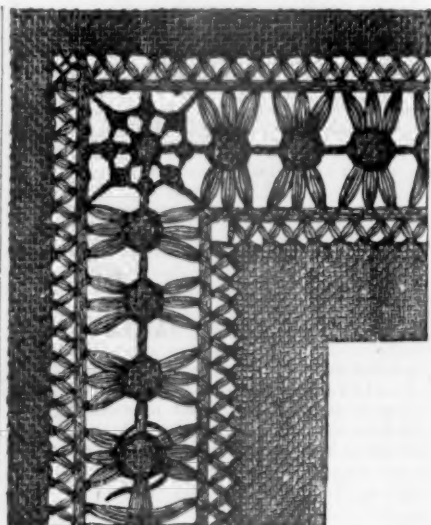


TRIMMING FOR LADIES' UNDERCLOTHES.

**TRIMMING FOR LADIES' UNDERCLOTHES.**—The trimming is suitable for ladies' underclothing. The quilting is of cambric. It is placed under the embroidery, which is worked upon the longcloth with cotton *à la croix* in buttonhole, cording and satin stitches.

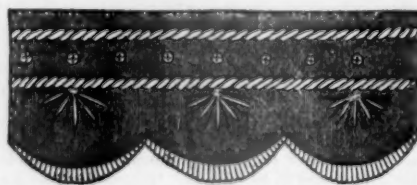


STRIPED LONG STITCHES.



BORDER: DRAWN THREADS.

**BORDER: DRAWN THREADS.**—This border is suitable to be worked round doilies, tidies, etc., of Java or congress canvas; the threads are drawn out to the depth of one inch; they are then worked over with linen thread of the same color as the canvas, or silk of a contrasting color; the canvas is turned up at the edge to form a hem.



BORDER FOR SMALL TABLE-COVER OR BOOK-SHELVES.

**BORDER FOR SMALL TABLE-COVER OR BOOK-SHELVES.**—The edge is worked in broad, flat, button-hole stitch, with dead, gold-colored filoselle. The pattern in blue, red, pink, yellow, crimson and violet crewels. The dots between the two rows of twisted cord are in the same colors crossed with floss silk.



WORK BAG.—Fig. 1.



WORK BAG.—Fig. 2.

**WORK-BAG.**—The outside of the bag is olive satin, measuring six inches in width and twelve inches in length; it is ornamented with a narrow band of cross-stitch embroidery, worked on congress canvas; the outer part is lined with pale blue satin, buttonholed at the edge; a ribbon is placed on one side in the centre, and is caught down at intervals, leaving spaces for scissors, crochet-hook, needle-case, etc. Two leaves of fine white flannel are sewn to the centre of the satin, and above these a blue satin bag, ten inches deep is fastened; this is to hold small pieces of work. The cover is edged with fine blue and olive cord, and is tied up, as shown in the illustration, with narrow ribbon.

## Housekeepers' Department.

### USEFUL HINTS.

**A GOOD WAY OF USING OLD LAWN TENNIS BALLS.**—When lawn tennis balls get broken, and are no longer fit for lawn tennis, it is a very good plan to make bright-colored covers for them, and send them to the children's hospitals. The covers, for which odds and ends of wool can be used, are easily made in crochet, the two halves being worked separately, then drawn over the ball and sewn or crocheted together. They are very quickly made, and when finished are capital playthings for children, and any cracks or holes in the balls are hidden by the covers.

**TO CLEAN WHITE SILK LACE.**—The lace is sewn over small, clean slips of wood to keep it evenly spread out, laid overnight in warm milk, to which a little soap has been added, rinsed in fresh water, laid for the same length of time in warm soap lye, and finally rinsed without any friction. Linen lace is best cleaned by covering the outside of a large glass bottle smoothly with stout linen or white flannel, upon which the lace is sewn in a number of coils, and over the whole some coarse, open tissue is secured. The bottle thus dressed is allowed to soak for a time in lukewarm soft water, and the outside wrapping is then rubbed with soap and a piece of flannel. After this the bottle is laid to steep for some hours in clean soft water. It is then rolled between dry towels, dipped in rice water, and rolled again. Finally, the damp lace is unfastened from the bottle and ironed between linen cloths.

**INK SPOTS.**—If soaked in warm milk before the ink has a chance to dry, the spot may usually be removed. If it has dried in, rub table-salt upon it, and drop lemon-juice upon the salt.

### RECIPES.

**TO BOIL A HAM.**—In boiling a ham, if the ham is not required hot, let it get cold in the liquor in which it has been boiled. If you place a boiled ham on a dish to get cold, you will find a quantity of jelly has run out of it and has got cold on the dish. If you let the ham get cold in its liquor, this jelly will settle in the ham, which will consequently be juicy instead of dry, as is too often the case with cold ham. Let the vessel in which it gets cold be uncovered, and it is as well to take off the scum when it is hot.

**NICE TEA-CAKES.**—To two pounds of flour add two ounces of butter and two ounces of lard; mix them well together, then beat up four eggs to a light froth and add them to a pint of milk, with a teaspoonful of salt—pour this gradually on the flour and work it well for about eight or ten minutes. Cut the dough with a sharp knife, and roll it into thin cakes the size of a breakfast saucer. Bake them in a quick oven. Currants may be added if preferred.

**CHARLOTTE RUSSE.**—Take a plain mould with a fancy top, pour into it, to the depth of half an inch, some jelly flavored with essence, arrange into it some candied cherries in some sort of pattern, and when it begins to set pour in a little more, and, by judiciously turning the mould round, get the sides thinly coated with jelly. Cut some Savoy biscuits to fit exactly, and line the sides of the mould with them. Beat up half a pint of rich cream with one ounce of isinglass or gelatine (previously dissolved in sufficient water just to cover it). Sweeten to taste, and flavor it at will with essence. Pour this into the mould, tie it with paper, and put it on ice to set.

## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

**A**MONG the new materials for fall costumes are flounced robes of satin, velvet or woolen so woven as to give widths for flounces with contrasting borders. Elegant dresses of Surah have flounces edged with brocade; rich fabrics have bands of plush, either plain, plaided or brightened with several colors, or gold and silver threads. Striped velvets and plushes will be used for short skirts to be worn with overdresses of silk or cloth. Plain cashmeres and camel's-hairs are in the new shades of old silver, condor brown, brick red, dahlia, mahogany, coffee red, mustard yellow, etc. The darker colors are generally seen in solid materials, the lighter in stripes and checks. Heavy woolen costumes are usually made up in the plainest of styles, with little ornamentation beyond rows of machine-stitching, often of a contrasting color, and fancy buttons of metal or smoked pearl. Other dresses are trimmed with folds, lapels and frogs of brighter tints, frequently of brocaded wool or watered silk.

A new basque has an open, surplice front, drawn over at the waist, and fastened with a belt-piece or a large button. The low neck is then filled in with a kerchief of muslin or lace, lawn, tulle, cambric or some similar material. Other basques are shirred to fit around the form and neck. This is known as the Mother Hubbard style.

Little capes of silk, jet or lace, are worn in the street with almost any dress. When of silk, they are often of bright colors to correspond with the trimming on the dress and hat.

A marked change has become noticeable in the styles of dressmaking. Skirts are all short, wider than before, and the more plainly trimmed apparently the better. A dress may have a short

overskirt front, a plain back, and a very narrow flounce around the hem, with here and there contrasting *revers*; or it may be almost the opposite of this in having a plain front breadth, and an overskirt back. Plain round waists divide favor with the standard basque. Many dresses have no overskirts, a series of three or four deep flounces and a wide belt and sash. Small hoopskirts seem destined to come, whether we like them or not.

Still, the old styles hold away. A lady may wear her last year's dresses for a long time yet without looking conspicuous. Any pretty costume made of two or three contrasting materials need not be banished.

To be worn with bright autumn dresses, milliners are showing rough hats and bonnets of dark red and blue straw. These are trimmed with shaded red and blue ribbons, with three shaded ostrich tips. Ornaments are of gilt and jet, oftenest in the form of bugs and lace. The handsomest black bonnets are covered with black Spanish lace, a lace scarf passes under the chin, and the whole is relieved by a cluster of jacqueminot roses. Red is still the favorite color, and next rank the various shades of yellow.

The newest laces are known as Aurilac and Tunis. New neckwear are large capes of China crape or mull, shirred and trimmed with ruffles of lace; broad, pleated collars of various soft white materials, edged with lace; and collarettes made of several lace ruches combined with loops of ribbon. The fancy is still for plenty of color in the costume but only white at the neck.

The broad sash, worn with almost any dress, is often tied in a large bow directly in front or partially at the side.

The outside pocket is revived on some new costumes, but perhaps in none of the old patterns.

## Noles and Comments.

### What Shall be Done to Save Them?

**T**HIS is the bitter, almost despairing cry that is going up day and night from thousands of homes all over the land—from the homes of the rich and the poor alike; for the curse of inebriety excepts no condition or class. Our drinking habits as a people have, to a wide and fearful extent, depraved the blood of each succeeding generation, until now a morbid and too often irresistible thirst for some form of alcoholic stimulation follows even the most moderate indulgence.

From inherited tendencies, and from climatic and other causes not yet clearly understood and defined, it has become dangerous for the young men of this generation to indulge, habitually, in the use of drinks containing alcohol. The warnings to let them alone are written everywhere in sorrowful and desolated households, and in the wrecked and ruined lives of thousands and tens of

thousands of men whose opening life-careers were full of the most brilliant promise.

"Prevention is better than cure." To abstain and be safe, is better than to indulge and, after appetite gains dominance, to enter upon an unequal struggle with an enemy that is rarely driven from the field. But, when the struggle comes, how shall we help the soul in such fearful peril? This is the almost despairing question that we hear all around us, for the old methods of pledges and associations have proved little better than failures. The best work seems to have been done in Inebriate Asylums and Inebriate Homes. In the following communication, which we have received from Dr. T. D. Crothers, editor of the *Quarterly Journal of Inebriety*, the value of a thoroughly organized asylum is plainly and forcibly stated, and we commend it to the most thoughtful consideration. Dr. Crothers has had large experience in the asylum treatment of all forms of

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disease brought on by alcohol and opium, and his views must be regarded as of great value.

#### WHAT ASYLUMS CAN DO FOR INEBRIATES.

A very able clergyman has lately written me, asking what can be done for his inebriate son, who still drinks, although he has repeatedly been admitted into temperance societies, and pledged over and over again to reform; also he has given evidence of a change of heart, and has been received into the church, and has been the object of many prayers and earnest entreaty by a large circle of friends. He has seemed to be in earnest, and has apparently made many efforts to recover, but always failed. Twice he has been locked up in the station-house, from which he has come out more reckless and worse. He has everything that any young man could wish for, in position and business, and yet he sacrifices them all to alcohol. Being an educated professional man, he apparently realizes his condition, but does not stop. The letter gives the details of the devotion of his wife, and the pleasant home, and every encouragement this man has to be temperate, and closes with the agonizing cry: "What can we do to save him?"

This is the old, old story coming up from thousands of homes all over the land—from the poor victims who struggle on blindly through the dark sea of temptation only to sink in its waves and be lost forever.

An answer to this letter involves so many practical facts in science and common sense, that I think it may be of interest, and possibly new to many readers of your magazine.

First of all, this young man must be quarantined effectually from alcohol, and every exciting cause; he must be placed in some asylum or hospital, and watched and guarded against all possible temptation. He is like a man with a broken leg, who wants first of all the splint and bandage of an asylum; the broken bones must be placed together, and kept so until nature can heal them. So the asylum must exactly and mathematically keep him from all contact or use of alcohol, until nature, medical aid and religion can so far restore his mental vigor that he may stand alone. This asylum must be a sanitarium where the highest skill and science can concentrate all the means which are known to build up the nervous system. All the habits of life must come under the care and control of a physician, so that every physical law may be brought into requisition to aid in his restoration.

This asylum or hospital must be a Christian home in the highest sense, where all the power of faith, through prayer and the promises of God to those who believe on Him, can be practically presented and worked out. His spiritual nature must be built up, and taught to lean on sources of strength beyond and above him; also to work and to combine all these spiritual means with his faith. Here the charity and sympathy of societies, with their pledges and cheery words of hope, can find fruitful soil, and will contribute new power for permanent restoration. Such an asylum will educate the patient to understand his strength and weakness, to realize the danger from alcohol, and to use all means to avoid future relapse. Here the combined forces of science, religion and education can be brought to restore the weakened

will-power, and build up new hopes, new ambitions and a new life, and, like a ship from the dry docks, repaired and strengthened to go out again on the great mission of life.

Inebriate asylums are the great need of the hour; not to do the work of church or society, but to supplement them—to clear away and make their work more permanent and efficient. The cure of inebriety is as certain as that of any other disease which afflicts mankind. But it can only be accomplished by the use of means, which are a part of the great machinery of the universe. The inebriate suffers from the violation of the great laws of his physical and spiritual organism. The remedy is simply to restore to healthy activity all these elements which make up the natural man. No permanent recovery can be expected in any case of inebriety, where only one of the many spiritual and physical means are used; for the reason that they do not reach the entire manhood of the patient. Had this clergyman sent his son to some asylum for inebriates, where the physical means might have been combined with every spiritual aid, to his relief, success and permanent cure would have been the rule, and failure the exception. Or had gone to some quiet home where all the surroundings would have built up a more perfect degree of health, the same result would have followed. An asylum for inebriates wisely managed, free from political entanglements, will send out to the world a large proportion of its inmates permanently cured, and lift the shadows hanging over many homes forever. This is the door of escape along the lines of God's eternal laws, and this is the hope of every poor inebriate to-day.

To the friends of inebriates everywhere this subject is one of vital importance, and demands recognition as a measure of common sense, and the practical application of means adequate to the end sought to be attained. God has instituted well-appointed laws and means to the accomplishment of His purposes, and it is our duty to use these means, be they physical or spiritual. In inebriety we must seek out the physical conditions or causes which are active in its continuation, remove these and build up the physical and moral power, and the cure is complete.

The advice once given by the late Horace Mann contains a volume of truth; it was to the father of a brilliant but dissipated son. "If he won't or can't stop drinking, confine him in an asylum; force him to totally abstain; give him the best physical care and surroundings; build up his body; pray for him, and urge him to a higher faith. Never do anything half way in the treatment; be thorough and keep up these means, not trusting his word, but acting on the advice of others who are competent to judge. Do this and he will be cured."

T. D. CROTHERS, M. D., Hartford, Conn.

#### "The Turn of the Tide."

THIS picture, from a painting by Mr. Davidson Knowles, represents a fisherman's young wife, standing on the rocky sea-shore, and eagerly watching for the return of her husband's boat. The time is presumed to be the early morning, when the incoming tide is likely to bring back those who have been out all night at their toil in the wide and deep waters of the distant offing.

### In the Shadow of Death.

AS we write, in the beginning of the ninth week since the attempted assassination, the shadow of death still hangs over the White House, and the hearts of the people are trembling in the balance between hope and fear. After a sudden relapse which seemed swiftly progressing to a fatal termination, bringing despair even to those who had all along been most confident of an ultimate recovery, hope has revived again, and for several days the sufferer has been holding his own, and to all appearance gaining a little. It is the ardent hope and fervent prayer of the whole nation, to whom this true, patient, heroic man has become doubly endeared, that the shadow of death may be lifted. In the dark hours that preceded this favorable change, and when death was regarded as inevitable, the editor of one of our daily papers, the *Star*, wrote thus tenderly of the president:

The president's longing to be moved from the White House, it now seems clear, was but a premonition of the end so often noticeable with the dying. The physicians may not give him up, but so far as human judgment can discern, General Garfield's days—perhaps we should say hours—are numbered; and his eyes will never again look upon the tranquil home at Mentor, whose picture rising ever to his fevered fancy has filled his waking thoughts for many days, and gladdened his moments of delirium as a presence and reality. A still more tranquil home awaits his speedy coming. The story of the tragedy, the story he had asked should be preserved for him in a large scrap book of newspaper cuttings, is very nearly finished now; and in all the crowded annals of our land no story will be found more touching in its phases.

The life now ebbing fast away has been a manly life, and a typical American life in many ways; in the pathos of its early poverty; in the heroism of its struggle with the hardest fortune for the daily bread of life and the light of knowledge; in the splendor of its upward career to the highest civil station in the gift of all mankind; in the calm fortitude when sorrow came, and the assassin's bullet had plowed its deadly channel through the quivering frame; in the resignation to keen suffering; in the self-abnegation whose first solicitude was for "the little woman." All this has been unutterably touching and exalting, and no household in the land has failed to share the sympathies aroused by it, or will fail to wait with tremulous anxiety the last sad message from the White House.

Here ends the brave career, prematurely, as men say, yet crowned with great works accomplished. Not crowned with riches, as the busy world counts riches, yet infinitely rich in many essentials of humanity, and in the legacy of memories it will very soon bequeath unto a sorrowing people.

"Here ends the brave career!" Not so, we trust. Ere this comes to the reader, the issue will, in all probability, be known. May it bring joy and thankfulness, not sorrow to the people.

### Cigarettes.

A FEW years ago the cigarettes smoked in this country were nearly all imported. But the demand has increased so enormously that the quantity taxed as manufactured in the United States last year was four hundred and eight millions. A writer in the *Philadelphia Times* says that there is not a cigarette made in America that any man or boy of good sense would smoke if the making and mixture of them could be seen.

"Prodigious fortunes have been made and are making, and millions of people are slowly ruining their digestive organs by inhaling the foul stuff wrapped up in the various brands that claim to be pure. Let any smoker of cigarettes subject his tongue and throat to a medical examination after smoking a package of cigarettes. Vit-

riol itself leaves no more sinister impression on tongue, throat and palate.

"It may be safely said that, with perhaps one or two exceptions, every cigarette made is a source of violent, physical reaction, destructive of vital tissues and the active principle of lurking and insidious diseases, and that it is better to smoke a pound of tobacco in any other form than the pinch mingled with poison that makes up the ridiculously expensive and utterly worthless article of cigarette that holds the market."

## Publishers' Department.

### NOT A CURE-ALL.

As we have said over and over again, "Compound Oxygen" will not cure every form of disease, nor reach every condition. There are cases in which hereditary tendencies have been so confirmed by vicious medical treatment, or by a personal neglect or disregard of the laws of health extending through years, that the abused, exhausted and overtaxed vital organs cannot respond, except very imperfectly, to an inflow of new and living forces.

We meet occasionally with such cases, and fail to cure them, to the sad disappointment of those who, seeing what the Oxygen cure has done for others apparently in as desperate a condition as their own, hopefully sought its aid. Most of these get a partial degree of relief, while some can see no beneficial result whatever; and some, in their disappointment, if not despair, weakly denounce the Treatment as a fraud; and this in the face of evidence to its curative power in hundreds of cases—as if failure with them was a disproof of success in others.

But in our large intercourse and correspondence with patients, the cases in which "Compound Oxygen" has failed to give a real and lasting benefit have been so few in number that they are really exceptional to the rule of cure. How far the failures in these instances have been due to the patients' neglect of our directions, and of proper care of themselves while under treatment, is something we cannot, of course, always determine; but we are satisfied that these causes have operated adversely in most of the cases where the expected results have not appeared.

Send for our Treatise on Compound Oxygen. It will be mailed free. Address Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia.

We call attention to Hon. Daniel F. Beatty's piano and organ advertisement. He is now making extraordinary offers in anticipation of the holidays. His instruments are fully warranted, and are sent on test trial. Mr. Beatty earnestly requests intending purchasers to visit him at Washington, N. J., and see the instruments he advertises are just as represented. Read his advertisement.

SPECIAL attention is called to the advertisement of "Silver Jewelry" in this number. The jewelry is of the best quality, and the designs handsome. The name and monogram lace pins are very attractive. Mr. Lehman is thoroughly reliable, and any one ordering his goods are guaranteed satisfaction.

NOTHING ever can give such entire satisfaction for toilet use as Pearl's White Glycerine and Pearl's White Glycerine Soap.



## A CHEMICAL MARVEL.

Though a thousand leagues away  
Seltzer's Tonic fountain foams,  
We can drink the same to-day,  
In our far-off Western homes.  
Thanks to Chemistry's Spell—  
In an instant—presto! pass!  
Fresh as from the living well  
Seltzer bubbles in the glass!  
TARRANT'S PURE APERIENT  
Gives the rare elixir birth,  
Healthful as the fluid sent  
Flashing from the breast of Earth.  
Time and distance, what are they?  
When Art thus can reproduce  
Springs a thousand leagues away,  
For the sick man's instant use!

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

## GRAEFENBERG

An infallible remedy for all **FEMALE COMPLAINTS** price \$1.50 per bottle.  
**CURES WEAKNESS, NERVOUSNESS and GENERAL DEBILITY.**  
This remarkable preparation is the only reliable remedy for the distressing diseases of women. Sold by Druggists.

GRAEFENBERG CO., 111 Chambers St., N. Y.

## CATHOLICON.

**A KEY THAT AND NOT**  
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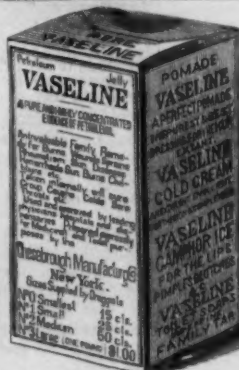


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The Favorite Numbers, 303, 404, 332, 351, 170, and his other styles.  
**SOLD by ALL DEALERS throughout the WORLD.**



UNDER THE FORM OF A JELLY CALLED VASELINE, PETROLEUM IS GIVEN TO MEDICINE AND PHARMACY IN AN ABSOLUTELY PURE, HIGHLY CONCENTRATED, AND UNOBJECTIONABLE SHAPE. ALL ACIDS, ODORS, TASTE, COLOR, AND OTHER IMPURITIES, WHICH HAVE HITHERTO PREVENTED THE USE OF PETROLEUM IN MEDICINE, ARE ENTIRELY ELIMINATED, AND THE VASELINE IS AS HARMLESS AND DELIGHTFUL TO USE AS CREAM.

The most valuable family remedy known for the treatment of wounds, burns, sores, cuts, skin diseases, rheumatism, chilblains, catarrh, hemorrhoids, etc. Also for coughs, colds, sore throat, croup and diphtheria, etc. It has received the unanimous endorsement of the Medical Press and Profession, Scientists and Journals of all characters throughout the world, as being the Best Remedy Known.

As an emollient, Vaseline is superior to any other substance yet discovered. Its marvellous healing and restoring qualities excel everything else, and it is rapidly taking the place on the toilet-table, to the exclusion of the various complexion powders, pomades, cosmetics, and other compounds. It will keep the skin cleaner, softer, and smoother than any cosmetic ever invented, and will preserve the youthful beauty and freshness of the healthy complexion.

**POMADE VASELINE.**—WILL CURE DANDRUFF AND MAKE THE HAIR GROW WHEN NOTHING ELSE WILL. 25, 50 CENTS AND \$1.00

**VASELINE COLD CREAM.**—FOR IRRITATIONS OF THE SKIN, CHAFING OF INFANTS, FOR THE COMPLEXION. 25, 50 CENTS, &c., &c. 25 AND 50 CENTS.

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**VASELINE TOILET SOAP.**—EMOLLIENT, BLAND, ANTISEPTIC (EXCELS ALL TOILET SOAP). COLGATE & Co. will supply these articles, if you cannot obtain them of your Druggist. None Genuine except in original packages.

Grand Medals at Philadelphia and Paris Expositions. Medal of Progress by American Institute.

# Compound Oxygen.

For the Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Headache, Ozæna, Debility, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders, by a Natural Process of Revitalization.

## "RELIEF FROM ALMOST INCREDIBLE SUFFERING."

Under this head we gave, in the January number of our quarterly journal, *Health and Life*, extracts from the letters of a patient, detailing the progress of her case under the effects of Compound Oxygen. As we then remarked, "the degree of suffering endured for years, and the extent of relief obtained in a few months are almost incredible." Writing to us in April, 1880, a few weeks after she commenced using our Treatment, she makes this reference to her condition:

"You cannot understand—I hope you, nor no one else, ever will understand—what I have passed through; what I am still in, that I write such hopeless words. Sickness, pain and suffering I could endure and be patient, but when this deafness and maddening noise and pain in the head were added, I lost everything but the power to stay in it and feel. The noise is like the sound of machinery, and of all kinds. Never slacks a second—when I am awake, and sometimes I hear it when asleep. How I long for a quiet place to lay my aching head, if only for five minutes at a time. The doctors say if my nerves could be strengthened, it would stop. \* \* \* I never knew what it was to be free from pain and suffering."

Five months after the Oxygen Treatment was begun, the mother of our patient wrote:

"One thing is certain, she has been relieved many times, and sometimes seems like herself again, when not in such terrible pain all the time. It must be the Oxygen that has done it, for she takes nothing else of medicine kind."

Frequent reports came up to the close of the year, all showing a steady and wonderful improvement. Early in December we had a long letter from the patient herself. In it she said:

"I have, since the middle of October stayed with the family nearly all the time; have eaten at the table with them, though not of the common food, of course; have a good appetite, and get real hungry at times; can eat apples, my favorite fruit, and for years a forbidden fruit, can chew anything not too hard, which I have not done for two years. \* \* \* Can do many kinds of light sewing and fancy work, take care of my house plants and play with the kittens, and enjoy their company; can walk a few steps alone and stand a moment without support; my face and head have for three years been covered with a painful humor. For the last month it has been entirely healed, and now the scars are hardly perceptible. \* \* \* My doctors did all that skill and friendship could do, but they all said I 'put medicine to shame'; only hellebore had any effect, and I took that in one drop doses until since taking the Oxygen, haven't taken a drop; my heart was the first to feel benefit; have but little pain there, only aching, and ache is not pain—Webster to the contrary notwithstanding."

December 24th she wrote.

"I am not cured yet, and am suffering all I can bear, for I have not the courage and patience that I used to have. Still, when I think of last winter,

when I was screaming day and night, and neither morning nor night brought even a second of relief, I wonder if it is I who can sit down and eat, and walk about the house, and find some enjoyment in caring for things about me. I will say again, that I wish every one who is suffering could have the blessed Oxygen."

Four months later, we received another report of progress in this singular case. It shows that the gain has been permanent, and that improvement is still going steadily on:

"It is a year to-day since I received the Oxygen Treatment from you. I will not review all my case; but laying present troubles aside, I feel almost compelled to write you the difference. THEN I had the bitter knowledge that the mind was sick as the body, and every nerve in that was suffering all it could without snapping. I do not see now, how I ever commanded brain or finger to write the first three letters so that they were understandable. I could only cry out wildly, 'Oh! Help me! Why will not somebody help me? I cannot bear this any longer!'"

"I wish I could forget it. Memory to retain such horrors is not a blessing. The inflammation of nerves seemed as if one was like fire, the other like ice, and both kinked, and pulling in opposite directions. Gradually they have smoothed out; the inflammation subsided, and for some months I have not felt it, except in the back, and top of my head, and that hardly comparable to what it was. For six months have had none of the unbearable pain in the fifth nerve, and for the last month, in spite of abscesses and colds, sometimes forget for an hour my headache; my teeth sometimes will not ache for a month, where for nearly seven years there was never two whole days but that I had hours of extreme pain, vibrating like a pendulum between heart and tooth; have been a victim of sleeplessness all my life; for the last two years did not average three hours in the twenty-four. \* \* \* From the first, Compound Oxygen has relieved it, and now I sleep nearly as well as I ever did. Can eat nearly all kinds of fruit, bread and vegetables that I like; but have to be careful, of course, but for thirteen years I have not done it with care."

"Have been out doors two or three times; once went fifty feet, by resting both ways. Never since I had the heart-disease have I been able to walk without the support of the walls of the rooms, or furniture; but now I go alone sometimes six feet or more when feeling strongest. The kidney disease was one of my oldest troubles, and although it has been much relieved from the first, it has yielded slowly, but now, for the last few weeks, I can see decided benefit. Lastly, those noises, and my hearing, that I wrote so desparingly about, the Compound Oxygen has made some impression on them, but not as on other diseases; if it had, I could have waited for the rest. Two of the worst ones have stopped, except at rare intervals, and where I could not hear a foot from me, I can hear some words."

One of the natural inferences which every one must draw from this case is, that if Compound Oxygen can operate so subtly and powerfully in a system as fearfully diseased as was that of our patient—abate suffering, and given all the vital forces a healthier action—what may not be hoped from its influence in diseases of a milder type?

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

Also sent free, "*Health and Life*," a quarterly record of cases and cures under the Compound Oxygen Treatment.

DEPOSITORY ON PACIFIC COAST.—H. E. Mathews, 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment on Pacific Coast.

## DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,

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